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Problems After Polling Day

TO-DAY'S new Ministers, whoever they may be, will need every ounce of skill and fortitude that they can muster. The hazards and hard decisions which at once await them are many. At no time of peace has any British Government faced more difficult moments—precisely because they are moments not merely of administrative complexity, but also of crucial choice. The new crisis in our balance of payments is not merely a sign that we are buying as a nation more than we can pay for: it is a symptom of economic maladjustment in the Western world that goes to the root of our international system, and calls in question all the assumptions upon which present policies of rearmament are founded. Are the British to hobble and stumble into the future, propped up intermittently by the crutches of dollar aid given, one may assume, less and less willingly? Or are they to insist upon those changes in Western policy which would offer them the chance of standing upright again upon their own feet? The coming winter, with its fuel and other shortages and its threat of continuing inflation, will put this question with a new and chilly point.

None of the new Ministers will find himself harder worked, nor with more exacting demands upon his undivided attention, than the Foreign Secretary. One great problem, certainly no less important than the future of the Middle East that now hits the headlines, lies already on his desk, shouting for urgent treatment. Negotiations, if as yet tentatively and at long range, are now in progress between Bonn and Berlin for the reunification of the two parts of Germany. Herr Grotewohl's original proposals were accepted by Bonn with fourteen conditions. Most of these conditions have now been accepted in turn by Berlin; and the Western proposal for a United Nations inspection and supervision is apparently regarded by Berlin as a "matter for discussion." The concessions, so far, are all on the side of Berlin—to the point, indeed, that Bonn seems ready to accept reunification only if it can do so entirely on its own terms. Dr. Adenauer's latest move—fully approved (and perhaps sponsored) by the three Western Powers—is to suggest that a special Commission be appointed under the ægis of the United Nations to examine the possibility in both parts of Germany of holding free and secret elections for an all-German Assembly. Provided that the personnel of this Commission can be accepted by all the Occupying Powers (and there is no point otherwise in having it), Berlin will presumably accept it. The road would then be clear for a new and constructive phase in "German relations."

But the road will not be clear unless certain illusions and ambiguities are also removed. Dr. Adenauer has said that the Western Powers would be prepared to take a reunited Germany into the Western strategic system provided that Germany were "reunited as a free nation." The Russians, in that case, are to be asked to agree to reunification so that 45 million potential enemies can become 65 million. Perhaps the Russians think that the Socialist Unity Party in Eastern Germany is strong enough to survive with powerful influence in a Germany thus reunited to-day; perhaps they believe that the social changes they have carried through in Eastern Germany—expropriation of the *Junker* landlords and of private interests in heavy industry, for example—are bound to have a deep effect on the structure of the rest of Germany. Perhaps they suspect that Western Germany's great need of trade with the Eastern group is such as to offer them some guarantee of peaceful relations with a reunited Germany. But in no case can one imagine the Russians giving up their present positions in Eastern Germany so that these positions could be occupied automatically by the troops of General Eisenhower. The reunification of Germany, in short, calls for an agreement by the Great Powers about their own future relations with Germany. It will be necessary, in the first stages, for the occupying forces to stay where they are; sooner or later—for Germany cannot remain permanently occupied even on the Austrian model—all occupying forces must be withdrawn. It will be well, when that happens, to have taken agreed measures to demilitarise Germany and to keep it demilitarised, at any rate for some years to come.

There is good ground, accordingly, for an extension of the principle of United Nations investigation and supervision. If the proposal for United Nations inquiry into pre-electoral conditions in both parts of Germany goes through, then the same kind of inquiry could usefully be directed to the strength and nature of military establishments, German and non-German, in both parts of the country. Having established the facts about remilitarisation in Germany, the Powers would then be able to negotiate for its reduction or elimination. They will have to negotiate in the end—unless, of course, they are to go to war—since the fate of Germany is in their hands and not yet in the hands of the Germans. The British Foreign Secretary has a great and immediate opportunity, by insisting on early negotiation, to reverse the drift to war.

Dollars for Arms

The Foreign Aid Bill finished its long journey through the U.S. Congress just before Congress adjourned last week-end until next January. The Bill in its final form is a compromise between the views of the two Houses, but falls a very long way behind President Truman's demands. The total sum provided is $8,100 millions, of which sum $800 millions consists of unspent balances from last year. In new money, the President asked for $8,500 millions, and got only $7,300 millions—and all of this has, of course, still to run the gauntlet of detailed appropriations. As was to be expected in the present mood of Congress, the cuts fall chiefly on the economic part of the President's programme. Europe is down for more than $4,800 millions in military, but only $1,000 millions in economic aid. Chiang Kai-shek is allotted a big share in each field; and Spain gets a special slice insisted on by the Senate. The Near East and Africa are down for nearly $400 millions in military, and $160 millions in economic aid; Latin America gets very little.

The worst feature is that President Truman's "Point Four" programme has been almost washed away—apart from technical advice—by the rising tide of armaments. A separate Bill appropriates more than $4,000 millions for establishing and expanding American military bases all over the world, and another Bill includes, *inter alia*, $790 millions for stockpiling of essential materials. Thus the armaments race goes on at an ever-increasing pace; and the true road towards a peaceful world—economic development of the backward countries—is blocked more than ever.

Korea and the Cold War

Welcome though it is, the resumption of cease-fire talks in Korea is clearly no more than the first step towards a still distant goal. In his interview with Mr. Vyshinsky on October 5, Admiral Kirk, the U.S. Ambassador, made it clear that American opinion is adamant against "an armistice line not strictly military in character, which introduces complicated political and territorial issues." This being so, the Chinese and North Korean negotiators have to face the fact that the only alternative to the continuance of fighting throughout the winter is their acceptance of a military "standstill" more or less in the positions now occupied.

It is equally clear that an armistice concluded on this basis can be no more than a precarious preliminary to a larger political agreement. U.N. forces have no obvious moral title to occupy a large slice of Korea formerly ruled by Pyongyang, any more than the North Koreans are entitled to retain the considerable territory which they still hold on the West coast South of the 38th Parallel. If the shooting war could be halted, and if both sides could be persuaded that their adversaries did not intend to resume it at the first promising opportunity, there would surely be scope for arranging the "reciprocal withdrawals," which Mr. Malik suggested last June, and in terms of which Mr. Vyshinsky still speaks.

The real question is whether relations between Washington and Moscow are such that any durable negotiated settlement in Korea is possible. What purpose, could Truman think, was served by the verbal *démarche* which Admiral Kirk, apparently with Britain's knowledge and approval, made to the Russian Foreign Minister before he left Moscow? It may have been useful to emphasise to the Russians, as the Admiral did, that the U.S. would be disinclined to discuss any constructive settlements in Europe or elsewhere, so long as the Korean war continues; but, by asserting that American rearmament was purely defensive in character, and by implying that the U.S.S.R. was responsible for the whole of the deterioration in international relations during the past few years, he gave Mr. Vyshinsky an obvious opening for counter-attack on lines well-worn in this great, disastrous controversy. From the "refusal" of every Russian proposal to create a peaceful, unified Germany, or terminate the armaments race, to the latest U.S. bans on deliveries of goods to the Soviet Union and its friends—all the available stones were promptly picked up by Mr. Vyshinsky and thrown back in a Note which has made relations worse than ever. Such exercises in political warfare lead nowhere: if there is to be a world *detente*, it will require the submission, by one side or the other, of substantial, practical proposals.

Britain's Trade Deficit

The latest figures of the European Payments Union show for September a net British deficit of £73 million. If the present trend were to continue even for another month, part of the deficit would have to be met in gold under the rules of E.P.U. Recent months have shown a sharp reversal of trends, mainly because heavy British purchases from Europe have coincided with a fall in the value of European purchases of materials from the overseas sterling area—a matter partly of smaller quantities, but also of lower prices. Britain's own exports are also being adversely affected by rearmament; and British imports are swollen for the same reason. The summer months, it is true, are the peak period for British payments to Europe; winter deficits are likely to be smaller, but hardly small enough to reverse the trend.

Meanwhile Belgium continues its creditor course, which has required special arrangements to prevent an undue call on other countries to meet its claims in gold. Western Germany has turned from a large debtor into a current creditor, and is rapidly wiping off its accumulated deficit. France also is a current debtor, but still has a small accumulated credit balance. It is, of course, a return to the normal pre-war situation for Great Britain's purchases from the Continent to be considerably in excess of sales to it, and for the balance to be redressed by Continental purchases from the sterling area. European countries have for some time been demanding a restoration of this "natural" pattern of trade. The immediate problem is that the purchases of sterling materials are no longer fully redressing the balance, and that the unbalanced position of British trade as a whole, largely an outcome of world rearmament, is creating serious difficulties in E.P.U., now that Marshall Aid is no longer available, as it was when the scheme started, to help Great Britain out of her balance of payments difficulty.

Arbitrary Censorship

From suppressing persons the Nationalist Government of South Africa is now turning its attention to suppressing newspapers. The Minister of Justice, Mr. Swart, is preparing to ban from further publication the *Guardian*, the Cape Town Left-wing weekly. The fact that the *Guardian* has never concealed its political position no doubt encourages the Malan Government to select it as a first victim, but its main reason undoubtedly is that the *Guardian* has brought to light case after case of brutal discrimination against non-Whites in South Africa. This proposed "act of arbitrary censorship," as the *Cape Times* (which, like the *Cape Argus*, has protested against the Minister's clear intention) calls it, is motivated by fear and hatred of anyone and anything which informs the world about the facts of racial oppression in South Africa. Typically enough, Mr. Swart has "established the facts" by means of a committee sitting behind closed doors. What the committee actually found out about the *Guardian* is not known; it is enough, apparently, that Mr. Swart should interpret these secret findings as justifying a suppression of the paper. As the *Cape Times* points out, the Government has wide latitude under the so-called Suppression of Communism Act to prosecute anyone who may in any way be deemed to further the objects of Communism. But he is not prosecuting the *Guardian*: he is merely suppressing it. "If the *Guardian* is a menace to the public interest it should be prosecuted," writes the *Cape Times*: "If it is not, it is intolerable that the machinery of arbitrary censorship should be applied to put it out of existence." Even *Die Burger*, orthodox organ of the Nationalist Party, shies at this police-state procedure against the press, and argues that "the question of the *Guardian* should be argued out before the highest body in the land," and that proceedings against the paper should await the next assembly of Parliament.

French Eyes on Britain

Our Paris correspondent writes: The suggestion that has appeared in some British papers that the French public are totally uninterested in the British election, and that all they know is that Churchill is *un type formidable*, Mr. Eden *un dandy*, Mr. Bevan a dangerous demagogue, and Mr. Attlee a kindly, baldheaded man, is totally unfounded. Never, in reality, has an election abroad aroused so much interest; for the French public are sufficiently educated to know that the result of the election will be of far-reaching importance to France and to Europe as a whole.

In France, as I have pointed out before, the result of the British election will largely, if not entirely, determine whether the Socialists will feel in a sufficiently strong moral position to re-enter the Government, and so save it from drifting to the extreme Right. If Labour were to lose, the position of those people amongst the Radicals and the Centre parties like M.M. Herriot and Queuille—as well as President Auriol—who would like the Socialists to re-enter the Government, would be greatly weakened; men like Reynaud and Daladier, now eager to join up with the Right and the Gaullists (not necessarily with General de Gaulle, whose more or less genuine independent-mindedness is frowned on by Eisenhower) would greatly gain in influence.

One of their arguments, of course, is that last

week's local elections throughout the greater part of France marked a "more definite" swing to the Right than the General Election in June, and that the Socialists, in particular, lost very heavily. But with the constituencies varying from 1,000 to 100,000 voters and the sometimes almost incredible indifference shown for these local elections (in one place not one single person amongst several hundred voters bothered to vote), and with village-pump politics dominating the proceedings, these elections were scarcely an indication at all of the mood in the country in relation to major national and international issues. But though the proportion of votes cast for the different parties did not (as distinct from the seats obtained) substantially differ from the General Election, these local elections emphasised the tendency of the French peasantry to become increasingly organised as the backbone of the conservative Right in France, with a somewhat suspect Bonapartist hankering for "law and order." As has been pointed out by many observers, there is a danger of the conservative peasantry in France playing a role out of all proportion to their numbers and to their economic weight in the country as a whole. This, after all, isn't the Second Empire!

Lately, a most significant piece of polemics has been going on between M. Gilles Martinet, of the "neutralist" *Observateur*, and M. François Mauriac, of the ultra-conservative *Figaro*. "Neutralism," as Martinet explains, is not intended to leave France "high and dry." Its purpose is to prevent her from becoming helpless and paralysed in the strait-jacket of the American alliance, and to help her to play a part in avoiding a world war. Mauriac, though noted for his courageous non-conformism in the past in relation to Abyssinia, Spain, Munich and Vichy, has latterly been singing the praises of "conformism." Although he had a very bad conscience about Indo-China, he recently confessed that he had succeeded in converting himself to the American line.

The conversion, Martinet argues, was a typical *class* reaction. Although Mauriac, in his novels, had given the world a most unsavoury insight into the hearts of the French conservative bourgeoisie, he was now becoming one of them himself. And this bourgeoisie, after the open or secret support so many of its members had given Pétain, had lost self-confidence, and hated the Communists—who had witnessed their moral bankruptcy during the war years. The French bourgeoisie were against the Communists, not really because these were "Moscow-dominated", but because they represented the French working-class and *even if the French working-class had nothing to do with Moscow, they would hate them just as ferociously*—as they, indeed, did in 1871, when the Commune was drowned in blood. Lacking self-confidence, the bourgeoisie now rely on America to "protect them against the French working-class and social revolution"—just as, before the war, they "preferred Hitler to the Popular Front." In the process, even the better representatives of this bourgeoisie, like M. Mauriac, end by smothering their scruples over questions like Indo-China.

Martinet concludes, however, on an optimistic note. With the danger of war and the American "squeeze" of Europe becoming worse every day, there is a marked tendency on both sides to reach a *modus vivendi*, and to come nearer to the position of the "neutralists," composed, as they are, of people belonging to *both* camps. And he recalls an article written by Mauriac a year or so ago, in which he said that there was one sacred task the present "lost generation" could perform, for which future generations would bless it—and this was to save peace.

Our Middle East Heritage

WHILE Labour has been under fire for its record in Persia and Egypt, how many of the electors realised that we are paying in these countries for the megalomania of our fathers? Tories and Liberals provoked during the half century of their hegemony in the Middle East the resentments and suspicions which a Labour Government has inherited. Our national memory looks back on that period through a golden haze tinged with colours from Kipling's palette. The Egyptians see it otherwise. They remember what most of us forgot, that in 1882 we occupied their country to enforce the punctual payment of usurious interest on the Khedive Ismail's debts. When that talented spendthrift had been deposed, we intervened to suppress the Nationalist movement under Arabi Pasha, which ranks as the pioneer of parliamentary democracy in the Arab world. The wanton bombardment of Alexandria, which drove John Bright out of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, started the feud which separated us from the French for twenty years. From it dates the antagonism of the Egyptians which deepened into hatred as the years went on. Each successive British Government declared that the Occupation was temporary, and all of them broke their word. It became in 1914 an avowed Protectorate, which came to an end in 1922 only after the Egyptians, the least warlike of mankind, had made our rule well-nigh impossible by a combination of assassinations and riots with boycotts and strikes. Even after the qualified independence of the new Kingdom had been recognised, the garrisons which we landed in 1882 still held Cairo and Alexandria until the treaty of 1936 confined them to the Canal Zone.

It can be said for the Occupation that it made Egypt not only solvent but prosperous. Lord Cromer's satrapy, without a Parliament, without a Factory Act and without trade unions, was during his long reign a paradise for the Western investor. But the Egyptian landowners, thanks to a shocking system of tenancy, appropriated most of the new wealth. Swarms of aloof and race-conscious British officials alienated the ruling caste without winning the masses. The villages were then, as now, crowded slums of mud hovels. Little was done for the health of the *fellaheen*, whose vitality is lowered to this day by tropical diseases which are both curable and preventible. Liberal and Tory governments so managed our relations with the Egyptians that they felt no gratitude for our tardy concessions. Our aloofness begat in them an inferiority complex that turned into hatred of all foreigners but above all of ourselves.

The motive that led us to override the will of the Egyptians with arms was at the start economic; in the end it was strategic. After the bond-holders were satisfied, it was the Canal that mattered. In Persia, Liberals and Tories reached a continuous foreign policy on the same dual basis. The Lansdowne Doctrine of 1903 which warned off all other Powers from the Persian Gulf, was a Tory inspiration, but Sir Edward Grey confirmed it. The main achievement of the Liberal Imperialists was the carving up of Persia in partnership with Tsarist Russia into nicely delimited spheres of interest. But it was primarily on the tribute we drew from Persia's sub-soil that our relations with its people turned. The peculiarity of this exploitation was that it was semi-official; we owe it to Mr. Churchill that the majority of Anglo-Iranian shares are national property. The general view in this country is that Mr. Stokes' offer of £50,000,000 in place of the present £17,000,000 was generous. Persians may be more impressed by the tacit admission that for half a century their Government received only a third of the revenue it might fairly claim.

These relationships of antagonism which the Labour Government inherited in the Middle East were an anachronism and an anomaly that could not be reconciled with its own spontaneous policy towards the peoples of Asia and Africa. It made an end of Imperialism in Delhi; it inaugurated at Colombo a new policy of mutual aid to raise the standard of living and productivity of backward countries. Given their present social structure, the difficulties in the way are great. This, however, is not a valid excuse for doing nothing. With adequate funds and expert supervision, the functional agencies of the United Nations might do much more than they are doing in these countries for agriculture, health and education. But the gravest omission in our record is that the Socialists and trade unionists of the West have rarely tried to carry out among the workers and peasants of backward countries the duty of stimulation and organisation which should surely follow from their declarations of international brotherhood.

To what practical, immediate conclusions does the logic of this argument lead us? In Persia, probably not much of material advantage can to-day be salvaged. Now that we have found no support from any quarter in the Security Council for our assertion of our "rights," there is no Churchillian or other magic which can put the Anglo-Iranian Humpty-Dumpty back on the wall. We must now face the invidious task of resuming, with a triumphant and perhaps even more intransigent Dr. Mossadeq, negotiations directed at securing what compensation we can for the loss of the Abadan refinery—accepting payment in Persian-operated oil. In Egypt, the die is not yet irrevocably cast. At the moment, under the compulsion of the West's military strategy, we are holding by arms over 4,000 square miles of Egyptian soil and reinforcing our garrison to a point at which we can be confident of defying attack. We can plead that our action falls within the four walls of the 1936 Treaty; and, as a move in the Cold War, it will receive from the United States the backing denied in the case of Persia. But let us not repeat the error which we made when we imagined that Dr. Mossadeq could be overthrown by a show of British "firmness." So far from undermining the position of the Wafd and the present Egyptian Government, the steps which we are taking in the Canal Zone will serve only to fortify the hold which landlordism,

exploiting nationalist feelings and finding in Britain a ready-to-hand scapegoat, exercises over the Egyptian masses. Furthermore, whatever legalistic or moral arguments we may adduce, our present policy will be regarded throughout the Moslem world as an act of aggression.

In these circumstances, no time should be lost in taking the Egyptian question to the United Nations. In seeking international aid in our difficulties, however, the British Government must not make the mistake of thinking to rally support by trying to put the blame upon Communism and the U.S.S.R. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's suggestion that the turmoil in Persia and Egypt is the work of Soviet agents and Communist propaganda deceives few people outside England. The Russians, of course, are doing their best to exploit Britain's weakness throughout the Middle East, but the movement in Persia and Egypt would have been no less vehement and anti-British if Soviet Russia had not existed. Everyone knows that Mr. MacDonald's statement is propaganda directed to persuading Americans to come to the aid of the British Empire. With his special experience of recent events in the Far East, he would surely have done better to remind both Britain and America that in every country of Asia where we have endeavoured to restore the old Imperialism, the result has been to throw the new nationalism into the arms of the Soviet Union. If Mr. Attlee in 1945 had attributed the nationalism of India and Burma to Communism, we should now be fighting a war as wasteful, discreditable and bloody as the French are fighting in Vietnam. The only possible policy for Britain is to seek, as we successfully did in India, to make new contracts with the territories we have treated as colonial in the past. Where we are in time, we may succeed in making treaties that are mutually beneficial and in aiding countries which used to be classed as "backward" to build economies which are proof against Communist infiltration. In such a course lies our one hope; the question in the Middle East is whether the attempt has been left too late.

The Twilight of the Church

In a recent publication issued by Church House, figures are given showing the annual stipends of the clergy. The average net income of 12,000 incumbents (after deductions for administrative expenses, postages, telephone and travelling, and a dilapidation charge for repairs to parsonage and glebe) is given as £465. Some 2,500 curates receive on an average a salary of £300. Since 1938, while the value of the pound has been halved and the average wage for the country as a whole more than doubled, the rise in clerical stipends has been 12½ per cent. In other words, the clergy are now receiving the value of little more than half their pre-war stipends, and these by middle-class standards were low.

In the circumstances, it is not surprising to learn that the number of clergy is diminishing and continues to diminish. In 1914, when the population was less by a quarter than it is to-day, there were 21,000 Anglican clergymen of all ranks working in the British Isles. Between the two wars, while the population of England increased by over 4,000,000, the number of clergy decreased by 3,000. In 1938 the number was 17,000 odd; it is now less than 15,000. The membership of the Church of England has also declined: 3,390,000 in 1939, to-day it is under 3,000,000.

The spectacle which greets the visitor to a church on a Sunday morning is sufficiently familiar. In a town church the average congregation will vary between 20 and 50; roughly three-quarters will be women, of whom three-quarters will be "elderly." The congregations of village churches vary considerably. Many are attended almost entirely by the middle and upper classes and are boycotted by the "workers." Even when the "workers" attend, they constitute only a small percentage of those who might have attended. Women again largely predominate, although the disparity between the numbers of the sexes is not so great as in the towns. It is, however, quite common to find three or even four churches within an area of half a dozen square miles, each of which is attended by a single-figure congregation.

Can these figures be made more precise? Actual statistics are hard to obtain. A booklet entitled *Towards the Conversion of England*, a report published in 1945 of a Commission on Evangelism appointed by the Archbishops, estimates that between 10 and 15 per cent. of the population is closely linked to some Church. A *Christian News Letter* published in 1943 gives a figure of 10 per cent., which is confirmed by a Mass Observation supplement (No. 172) entitled *Religion and the People. Towards the Conversion of England* gives the following additional figures:—

> Those sufficiently interested to attend on great occasions . . . . 25 to 30 per cent.
> Those indifferent to religion though friendly disposed . . . . 45 to 50 per cent.
> Those actively hostile . . . . 10 to 20 per cent.

"It is open to question," the Report drily comments, "which is the more alarming feature, the failure of the Church to attract or its failure to repel."

In the light of these figures one cannot but endorse the first of the Report's Recommendations and Findings, that the "definite action" required "is no less than the conversion of England to the Christian faith." Yet one may be forgiven for wondering whether the comment on the Church's "failure to repel" is to-day equally justified. In the recently published *English Life and Leisure* by Rowntree and Lavers, censuses are given of church attendances in York and High Wycombe. There are also summarised reports of detailed statements taken from 975 people in a number of large towns. The authors sum up: "We have found so widespread a dislike of the ministers of religion of the Anglican and Free Churches that it can only be described as anti-clericalism." In illustration of the popular attitude, a number of opinions is quoted, of which the following are not untypical:

> A working-class family that is religious is working against its own interest. . . . Everyone knows religion isn't true, but the nobs try to make working folk believe it so that they won't kick up a fuss. . . . Nobody believes all the nonsense they read out in church. The parsons just do it to earn their living. . . . Don't talk to me about parsons! They've got a pretty soft job, if you ask me. Telling decent working folk how to behave! Never done an honest day's work in their life, most of them.

Meanwhile the bonds of the family, that tight little Victorian block of Sunday church-goers, relax. The internal combustion engine enables its members to disperse on a Sunday in motor buses, motor car and motor cycles, and on Sunday evening there is also in many towns the rival attraction of the cinema.

How far is the hostility justified? The complaint that religion is the opium of the people belongs, I submit, to the past, when working people went to church, "knew their place" and respected their betters. In this country, at least, none of these conditions obtains to-day. The complaint on the point of doctrine—what the Church teaches is "nonsense" and "nobody believes" it—is not one that can easily be met. There are certain fundamental tenets of the Christian faith, the Resurrection of Christ, for example, which the Church must teach, if it is to remain Christian at all and not to degenerate, as so many churches in America have done, into a mere purveyor of vague ethico-religious uplift. That the Church has done its best to be accommodating in this matter of belief nobody could deny. In 1922 a Commission on Christian Doctrine was set up by the two Archbishops. After fifteen years' deliberation, it published its report in 1938. Those who do not realise how much water has flowed under the clerical bridges during the last fifty years would be surprised to find what opinions may be held and taught without censure by ordained clergymen.

To mention one or two outstanding examples, the tradition of the verbal inerrancy of the Bible is abandoned. It is no longer necessary to hold that Creation consisted of a series of sudden successive acts; many believe it to be a continuous process. To believe in the existence of Satan and of evil spirits is no longer obligatory; on such matters the language of the Liturgy may be interpreted in "a purely symbolic sense." So, too, with the belief in Hell. The belief in Christ's miracles is optional. Many hold that "It is more congruous with the wisdom and majesty of God that he should never vary the regularities of nature." The Virgin Birth disappears, leaving the manner of Christ's Incarnation indefinite. So, too, with the *physical* Resurrection of Christ and his *physical* Ascension into Heaven, of which the Commission report that its physical features are to be interpreted symbolically, since they are closely related to the conception of Heaven as "a place locally fixed beyond the sky."

There are enough abandonments here, in all conscience, to satisfy the most confirmed "mover with the times." A doubt might, indeed, be hazarded if too much has not been abandoned. Three points seem relevant here which must be made very briefly. First, the climate of the times has been formed by science. Science broadly proceeds on the assumption that only those things are real which are seeable and touchable. The "entities" with which religion deals are neither, and the truths which it asserts do not, for the most part, apply to the world which is accessible to sensory observation. Now, the scientific picture of the physical geography of the universe changes pretty rapidly, while the historical picture of the development of life upon the earth and of human life in particular, and of the *mode* of that development, also changes, though more slowly. The Church cannot, without absurdity, accommodate itself to all these changes. It cannot veer with every wind that blows from the laboratories. To do so would be to produce a religion which might move with the times, only at the cost of losing all that made it worthy of belief. Or, rather, men might succeed in believing in such a religion, but such belief would no more affect their lives than belief in evolution or the creation of matter from inter-stellar gas.

Secondly, it is more difficult for religion to correct its mistakes than it is for science. Doctrines which men have believed over hundreds of years acquire a sacramental value as symbols which cannot be dissipated overnight, nor can their place be taken by new symbols manufactured to meet the changing requirements

of science. To quote Dean Inge, "Pieces of obsolete science, imprisoned like a fly in amber in the solid mass of religious creed, may have become the casket in which the soul keeps her most valued treasures." As brute facts they are valueless, but they have become charged with a spiritual value which must be "given through something."

Thirdly, it is not without significance that the churches which are full to-day are precisely those which have made the fewest concessions, either in dogma or ceremonial, to the spirit of the times. Go to All Saints, Margaret Street, on a Sunday morning and you will find a packed congregation, but you will also find an elaborate ceremonial designed to emphasise the mystical and supernatural elements of the Christian faith. So, too, at Oxford and Cambridge, where the new interest in Christianity finds its chief expression in the worship of what used to be called the "High" churches.

In the light of the salary figures, the charge that the parsons are mainly "good for nothings," leading a soft life, seems difficult to sustain. The parson's lot to-day is a hard one. Day in and day out, he must swim against the tide of opinion, striving to make headway against apathy and neglect, a persistent seller of goods that the public doesn't want. Many men, especially in country parishes, are made desperate by loneliness. An educated man doesn't want to spend *all* his time discussing farm prices and the prospects of the harvest; he needs occasionally to exchange ideas with men of common interests and equivalent education. Yet in many parishes the parson finds nobody of his kind or, if he does, is debarred by his poverty from intercourse on the normal footing of entertaining and being entertained. Lonely and discouraged himself, the parson must yet maintain a cheerful readiness to shoulder the troubles of others. Burdened by the grossest poverty, he must continue to keep up an appearance of decent sufficiency. Whatever else it may be, his is not an easy life.

How far is it necessary and desirable that it should continue to be lived? If present tendencies continue, the position of the Church over large areas may become financially untenable. Of the suggestions that are commonly made for improving it, none offers any very substantial hope of alleviation. It is said that livings should be amalgamated and one service per Sunday be held in each of three or even four churches. But this has, in fact, already been done on a large scale. Many churches are even being left without services altogether.

Disestablishment and disendowment are often discussed, with the implied suggestion that those who feel a need for the Church should pay for it. Disestablishment many clergymen would welcome, disendowment would not help the situation, for popular opinion is wrong in supposing, as it does, that the Church receives any appreciable aid from the State. Of its total income of nearly £13 millions a year £7 millions are derived from endowments, that is to say, from dividends on gifts of money and rents from gifts of land made in the past. These are veritably the Church's own property, and short of confiscation it cannot be deprived of them. Another £5 millions accrues from gifts made in the present, that is to say, gifts made by church people in the individual parishes. The money is used to promote the services and missions of the Church and to help to pay the stipends of incumbents. Thus, in a very literal sense, those who desire that there should be a Church are paying for it, but they cannot continue to give indefinitely at the present rate, and another turn or two of the inflationary screw may be fatal. What then? The Church, in common with other respected British institutions, including, perhaps, the Royal Family and the House of Commons, may be maintained as a survival by syndicates of American millionaires sentimentally anxious to retain links with the past, or by the American Government. . . . Alternatively, it may continue to decline in influence and numbers until it has become no more than the ghost of the ghost that many think it to-day.

To the question I raised above—is it desirable that the Church should continue?—it is not possible to reply without first determining the prior question, is the Christian religion, in respect of most of what it asserts, true? If it is, then the answer is yes; if it isn't, the answer is no, since even the social utility of a creed which embodies a lie disappears when it is recognised to be a lie.

This prior question, it is obvious, cannot be discussed here. I venture, however, two observations. First, it is estimated that 13 million persons listen to the B.B.C. Sunday Services. The figure suggests the existence of a spiritual need which people don't know how to fill. In many people's minds to-day there is what, I think, Julian Huxley has called "a God-shaped blank." Secondly, some fourteen hundred years ago, a Dark Age descended upon Europe in which whatever remained of culture, knowledge and human charity was preserved and guarded by the Church. It is not inconceivable that history should be repeated.

C. E. M. JOAD

Election Diary

I COULD see no cause for surprise that the Gallup Poll gap between prospective Labour and Conservative voters narrowed as the electoral campaign went on. The reason is surely fairly clear. When the Poll was first taken many rashly swore they would never vote Labour again. One had long been on the waiting list for a house; another complained of the rising cost of living; a third criticised the Government's policy in Persia. As the campaign proceeded these browned-off Labourites were reminded of what the unemployed Thirties were like; they realised the improvement in all the public services, they began to say to themselves that, come what may, they didn't want the Tories back. As a last straw, they were confronted with what somebody has excellently called Labour's 600 Secret Weapons. These are the 600 Conservative candidates. The sight of the would-be Tory M.P., supported by rows of opulent cars and surrounded by the squire and his rich relations, turned the stomach of thousands of humble voters. They heard honest Tories like Sir Herbert Williams repudiating the "me-tooism" of Churchill's manifesto and saying that *he* did not believe in "this humbug of fair shares"; they knew that when a true-blue candidate echoed Mr. Duff Cooper's remarks about stretching out "a strong right arm" in Persia he really meant that he wanted Tom, Dick and Harry to be parachuted into Abadan. And so at the last minute the gap closed. We may be a bit browned-off with Labour and we might even get to the booth grousing about Attlee and Co., but we just couldn't bring ourselves to vote for the Tory candidate.

* * *

The technique of political broadcasting has at last been mastered. In 1945 most of the speakers really seemed to think that a broadcast was just a popular speech read over the microphone. In 1950 the professionals came along. Dr. Hill, the low comedian of the Tory Party, was as accomplished as a clown as Mr. Priestley was inspiring as a lay preacher. This year all the speakers seem to have taken evening classes in broadcasting; some of them, particularly on the Tory side, were even a little too polished, a little over-rehearsed. Also, some of them, notably Pat Hornsby-Smith, were too bitter to please any but regular Tory supporters. Morrison achieved great technical excellence. But I suspect that the best broadcaster of the lot was James Griffiths. He made elementary errors that any professional would avoid. But then no one could question his sincerity; his direct, warm and humane personality is worth far more than precise diction and the capacity for maintaining correct pauses between subjects and paragraphs.

T.V. political features, on the other hand, are a novelty, and I've heard complaints that just as broadcasters used to make speeches, so now they make broadcasts on the T.V. instead of learning the new technique. Mr. Mayhew and Sir Hartley Shawcross nevertheless made a great impression and effectively exposed the Conservative cost-of-living chart.

* * *

I doubt if any of the election broadcasts were more effective than Mr. Attlee's. It was neat, workmanlike and persuasive, especially, I should guess, with Liberals. He speaks with a cool authority that surprises people, all the more because it is not apparent when, for instance, we hear and see him speaking for a few minutes on a newsreel. His tour of the country was a triumph, the outstanding success of the whole electoral campaign. Hecklers were usually quiet when he spoke; they saved up their bile for the next speaker. It was as if the class did not dare to rag the headmaster though they would take it out of the junior masters when he had left the room. He exercised this authority best, I thought, in replying, at the end of his broadcast, to the Tory scare about Nye Bevan. One felt that those who put about the notion that Attlee would not be Prime Minister, that he might not be in good health, that Nye Bevan was some kind of Communist (whereas, in fact, he is probably the most belligerently anti-Communist member of the Government) were thoroughly naughty boys who ought to be ashamed of themselves. They were lucky if Attlee did not come down from the microphone with a cane.

* * *

In a transatlantic broadcast about the election the other day, Ed. Murrow asked me if it was true that people over here felt that the United States was likely to pull us into a war which could otherwise be avoided. I said it was a common view, and gave him an illustration which would help to explain it. Recently the papers all carried accounts of how President Truman had appealed to Russia for aid in agreement about Korea. This was in line with Mr. Churchill's broadcast urging that an attempt should be made to reach a general agreement with Stalin. It also accorded with numerous pronouncements by Mr. Attlee and other Labour leaders. It accorded, in fact, with the general policy announced by Mr. Acheson, and supported by all British parties, as the one persuasive argument for rearmament. We were to negotiate from "positions of strength." It happened, however, that in the very week of the official hand-out about the President's approach to Stalin Truman also told the press that he had said—and reiterated—that no agreement with Soviet Russia was *worth the paper it was written on!*

* * *

Amid all the noise of electioneering, I have been listening at the back of my mind to something quite different. I have been haunted by reports of recent cases of cruelty to children—or, more precisely and particularly, by one horrifying story.

I find the pathos of it unendurable. Several friends have told me that they too lie awake at night rehearsing the details of this case in their imagination and wake up to find the memory darkening their thoughts. The Magistrates assembled in Lincoln's Inn discussed the almost irrelevant question of the length of prison sentence that should be imposed in bad cases. This is mainly emotionalism since it is hard to believe that the danger of a five rather than a two years' sentence will deter parents who are not deterred by any pity or love for their children. A more sane course is to study the statistics. There has been no substantial increase since the war either in the number of cases of mere neglect —a few of which may now be treated by sending the mothers to a special training school— or of the rare cases of fiendish cruelty. The figures are probably about static. If we hear more about the exceptional case to-day it is because people are in general more alive to the questions of child welfare and rather more ready to come forward with evidence. But nobody should be satisfied while even a few cases of serious neglect or cruelty can continue for weeks, months or years without being reported by the district nurse, the schoolteacher or the neighbours. The most useful thing a weekly journal can do is to let the public know by a series of informative articles what is the legal position and what machinery exists for preventing cruelty.

* * *

This column is written on Wednesday, the 24th, and will appear on the bookstalls when the election results are coming in on Friday the 26th. The press Polls are the only rough guide. They nowadays play an active part in elections; their publication affects votes, I think, very much as early returns helped the "flowing tide" in the old days when elections lasted a fortnight. The Polls suggest the following conclusions. The number of Labour voters who will turn Tory or abstain seems likely to be much smaller than was expected at the beginning of the campaign. Both the big parties are to have record polls, but it looks as if the Labour vote will be about five per cent. less than the Conservative. I also expect that more Liberals will vote Tory than Labour. You must add to this the half million votes that Labour "wastes" in huge majorities in some industrial areas. The result seems to be a Conservative victory—always provided that the voting is as heavy as the Polls say. The side which wins must gain a large number of marginal seats. Therefore, the victory will probably be substantial. Conclusion? That the Tories win by a hundred seats or more. I hope Polls are even worse guides than I think them.

CRITIC.

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD

How to make a cup of tea after an atom bomb attack, is one of the Civil Defence lessons being given to South-east London housewives.—*Evening Standard.* (G. Porter.)

There are separate air conditioning units for the front and rear compartments. The chauffeur will not have to breathe the same air as the passengers.—Report on Motor Show in *Daily Worker.* (M. E. Wise.)

The Rev. R. C. Gaul, the Liberal candidate for Louth, Lincolnshire, said at Cleethorpes last night: " . . . The trade unions began innocently and did some good work but now they have developed into organisations prostituting the interests of the working class. They should be whipped through the streets like painted harlots until they are seen no more."—*Manchester Guardian.* (C. M. Craven.)

The Abadan crisis was caused by the Festival of Britain, claimed Sir Herbert Williams, Conservative candidate for Croydon East.—*Croydon Advertiser.* (H. J. Keeling.)

I have travelled up and down this country a great deal in the last five years and have met many small business men and manufacturers in back streets in Glasgow, Manchester and Birmingham who have lost the hope they once cherished of becoming Nuffields—of building round their back shops great new cities of prosperity.—*Sunday Chronicle.* (Thos. H. Greenfield.)

A PARLIAMENT LITANY

Here's a new Parliament asking a benediction
On scenes of constitutional faction and friction!
Here's a Government confident in the conviction
Their Party alone can save Britain from affliction!
But from trials and tribulations we foresee,
Libera nos, Domine!

From probably unavailing endeavours to redress
The political, economic and international mess;
From top-level extenuations for non-success,
From back-slapping, chest-thumping and self-righteousness,
From Labour, or Conservative, complacency,
Libera nos, Domine!

From slogans and catchwords grown stale by repetition,
From blaming every calamity on the Opposition,
From exalting the continuity of Foreign Office tradition,
Demonstrated in the failure of every mission—
From ghastly errors of diplomacy,
Libera nos, Domine!

From awful warnings on "Putting in less than we take,"
From failing to make ends meet, whatever we make,
From any further allusions to "the national cake"—
Whatever that may be—which give people stomach-ache,
From platitudes on productivity,
Libera nos, Domine!

From too little warmth for European Federation,
And from too much on West German integration;
And from too great dependence on the American Administration,
While "Setting an example for the world's admiration
Of liberty, sovereignty and democracy,"
Libera nos, Domine!

From Defence Regulations and Orders of State,
Which past National Emergencies perpetuate,
From Ministerial powers that abrogate
Democratic control and Parliamentary debate,
From this gross contempt of our Parliament free,
Libera nos, Domine!

And in the Gracious Speech, may we be spared
The list of Measures for our salvation prepared,
The schedule of sacrifices about to be shared!
From progress reports on how salmon-poaching has fared,
And from all future mention of the White Fish Industry,
Libera nos, Domine!

SAGITTARIUS

Next Week, November 3rd.

MID-AUTUMN BOOKS NUMBER

The issue will also contain an objective analysis of the GENERAL ELECTION results and their implications for the future.

The Witch Hunt's New Phase

THE American witch hunt, moving toward a climax since the spring of 1947, has now entered upon a new phase. The new phase dates from President Truman's speech in Detroit on July 28 in which, without mentioning Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, he lashed out at the evils that have come to be associated with the Senator's name. Any doubts that Mr. Truman intends to make "McCarthyism" a major issue in the 1952 campaign were removed by his speech to the American Legion in Washington on August 14, in which he denounced those who make "character assassination" their stock in trade and use "guilt by association" as a motto. A politician does not speak on this theme, in these words, to the American Legion unless his aim is to please some group much larger than the Legion itself.

There is, of course, something rather ludicrous about the spectacle of Mr. Truman assailing character assassins and denouncing guilt by association. When the President signed Executive Order 9835 creating the loyalty review programme and authorising the Attorney-General to list "subversive" organisations without notice or a hearing, witch-hunting ceased to be a form of Congressional rabble-rousing and became a formally sanctioned aspect of the Administration's foreign policy. The loyalty programme was simply the domestic counterpart of the Truman Doctrine which was proclaimed at the same time. Witch-hunting had been a favourite sport of Congressmen under President Roosevelt, but the Executive had never wholly succumbed to it; in fact, Roosevelt spoke out vigorously against the Dies Committee and resolutely refused to appease the witch-hunters by discharging Federal officials who had been smeared. Far from following the policy of his predecessor, Mr. Truman sanctioned the most serious assault on civil liberties since the passage of the Alien and Sedition Acts. Nor has the Administration yet abandoned practices which the President has now begun to denounce as "McCarthyism."

Mr. Truman is first and foremost a practical politician. In this new departure, as in most matters, he is primarily motivated by considerations of political self-interest. He is aware, for example, that a revulsion against "McCarthyism" is in the making—it is foreshadowed in public opinion polls—and he wants to be in a position to exploit this "wave of the future" in 1952. At the same time, he does not propose to challenge the witch hunt in any basic sense; witness the manner in which his Attorney-General continues to hound the "Reds," demanding bail of $100,000 in prosecutions for violation of the Smith Act and attempting to intimate Federal judges who refuse to accept this recommendation. By attacking "McCarthyism," the President can appear to be against the witch hunt without abating, in the slightest degree, the inquisitions which his Administration started.

The attack on "McCarthyism," moreover, is excellent politics from still another point of view. There is a schism in the Republican Party between the Taft - MacArthur - McCarthy - McCormick and the Duff-Warren-Dewey-Lodge elements. The former group are diehard isolationists of the old school; the latter are the new-style interventionists. The former incline toward an Asia-first, the latter toward a Europe-first emphasis. By making an issue of "McCarthyism," the President has aggravated the tension between these elements. Senator Taft, for example, is now con-

fronted with the necessity of repudiating, endorsing or ignoring McCarthy. If Taft were to repudiate McCarthy, he would forfeit the support of the crackpots and fanatics as well as such influential supporters as Colonel Robert McCormick. On the other hand, if he were to embrace McCarthy with enthusiasm, he would certainly forfeit any chance which he might otherwise have of winning the support of the small but influential group of liberal Republicans in the Senate. Nor can he ignore McCarthy if the President continues to make an issue of McCarthyism. Besides, many Republicans have come to feel that McCarthy is a liability; and finally, an attack against McCarthy can be conducted in such a way as to create disaffection among Taft's upper-middle-class Protestant supporters, many of whom cherish a latent anti-Catholic bias.

Again and again the President's opponents have saved him from political pitfalls by forcing him into a position where he had to fight back or surrender. Thus while he was quick to realise, and exploit, the advantages of "McCarthyism" as an issue, he had first been driven into a position where he had no alternative but to fight back. And thereby hangs a tale.

Earlier this year F.B.I. agents were conducting a leisurely inspection of some old files and records of the Institute of Pacific Relations which had been stored in a barn on a farm owned by Edward C. Carter, former director-general of the Institute, near Lee, Massachusetts. The moment Senator McCarthy heard of the records, he was determined to get possession of them and to offer them as "proof" of his ridiculous charge that the Communists "controlled" Owen Lattimore who, in turn, "controlled" Mr. Acheson. One of his private investigators who, incidentally, had played an active role in the ugly plot to "smear" Anna Rosenberg, rifled the files and made off with certain documents without benefit of a subpœna. It was soon known how McCarthy came to be in possession of the documents. The witch-hunters in Congress then realised that something had to be done immediately to protect McCarthy and his energetic sleuth. Senator McCarran stepped in and had a blanket subpœna issued in the name of the sub-committee on Internal Security for all the I.P.R. documents.

As long as the Republicans were Red-baiting his Administration, Mr. Truman's tactic was simply to demonstrate that he was more "anti-Communist" than his critics. But the moment the leadership of the Congressional witch hunt passed from Senator McCarthy to Senator McCarran, the President realised that he was in serious political danger. The President knows that McCarran has great influence and power in the Senate. With McCarran, a Democrat, directing the witch hunt, the President could no longer dismiss the Red-baiting of his Administration as a partisan smear. Simultaneously there were signs that McCarthy was in trouble. First came his irresponsible attack on General George C. Marshall, which disturbed some of McCarthy's backers. In the disgraceful senatorial campaign in Maryland in 1950, McCarthy's intervention had been the decisive factor in the defeat of Senator Tydings. A report of the Senate Rules sub-committee severely castigated McCarthy for his role in this election. Then the New York *Post*, in an excellent series, thoroughly exposed McCarthy's unsavoury record.

All of this created an ideal opportunity for Administration spokesmen in the Senate to counter-attack. Senator William Benton, against whom McCarthy campaigned in 1950, promptly filed a motion for the expulsion of McCarthy which was referred to The Rules Committee. McCarthy then attempted to disqualify three members of the Committee by making reckless charges against them. Senator Thomas C. Hennings, of Missouri, one of those attacked, happens to be something of a favourite with the Senators from the Southern States. The effect of the attack on Senator Hennings was to add a fairly large number of recruits to the anti-McCarthy campaign. McCarthy began to issue statements charging that he was the victim of a "smear"! At the end of all this, Governor Walter J. Kohler, of Wisconsin, announced that he might be a candidate against McCarthy next year for the Republican nomination. Governor Kohler is an extremely conservative but popular Republican.

Encouraged by the President's attacks on "McCarthyism," Joseph Alsop in three sensational columns—September 10, 12, 14—then charged that Louis Budenz, the Titus Oates of the American witch hunt, had, in effect, committed perjury in testimony before the McCarran Committee. Senator Herbert Lehman promptly read the articles into the Senate's record, over violent objection, and demanded that action be taken against Budenz. President Truman, in a statement ignored by virtually the entire press, praised Senator Lehman, endorsed his demand, and castigated Budenz. A day or so later Henry Wallace, now anxious to be received back in the Democratic fold, released the text of his famous report on China which neatly completed the case against Budenz. And since Budenz has repeated his testimony, without important qualifications, it would seem that a prosecution cannot be avoided much longer without running the risk of exposing, as pure delusion, most of the evidence on which the witch hunters have relied.

But it is not to be inferred that the witch hunt is at an end. The fact is that the McCarran Committee has been, perhaps, more unfair and arbitrary in its procedures than any of the other committees. And there is every reason to believe that McCarthy, as Mr. James Reston pointed out in the New York *Times* of October 7, still has enough power to determine the main line of foreign-policy debate in Washington. Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that a new, if not a decisive, phase has been reached in the witch hunt. For one thing, the list of easily expendable victims is nearly exhausted. With the virtual destruction of the Communist movement, never strong in the United States, new victims must be constantly ferreted out. To-day the attack is being levelled against "fellow travellers" and unaffiliated Leftists. But it will not be long before the witch hunters will begin to attack such anti-Communist groups as Americans for Democratic Action. Amusingly enough, such individuals as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who speaks the language of McCarthy with a Harvard accent, and the poet Peter Viereck, who has just published a poison-pen indictment of *The Nation* and THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, cannot much longer escape the noose that they have been trying to tighten around the necks of others. A pamphlet by the Communist-obsessed Schlesinger has been banned by the Deputy Superintendent of Schools in Denver. And Viereck's attack was published in the *Saturday Review of Literature* which has been denounced as "Leftist" by Hearst columnists.

Thus, while the witch hunt continues, and the number of victims multiplies every day, an opposition is beginning to take form. It lacks strength; it could be easily disrupted; and it is still timid. But the fact that it exists is encouraging and it is likely to increase as the effects of inflation and increased taxes bear more heavily on the mass of the people. Like a toper recovering from a three-year binge, there are signs that the American people are beginning to sober up and to shake off the effects of the great witch-hunting spree. To-morrow they may begin to feel rather foolish, and if this should happen recovery would then be in sight.

New York, October. CAREY MCWILLIAMS

So They Say . . .

THE last week of this "mystery" election began on Sunday with only one certainty: a lessening of the earlier heavy odds on a Tory victory. The Tory press, however, still "talked up" victory. CONSERVATIVES EXPECT ADEQUATE VICTORY, said the *Sunday Times;* "Some think it may reach 100." "Crossbencher," in the *Sunday Express*, made a survey: THE TORIES TO WIN—BY 63. The *Observer* published a calculation, based on the "cube law," giving the Tories a majority of 57. The statistical expert of the non-political *People* gave them an overall majority of 43.

The Left-wing press kept whistling bravely in the dark. NATION-WIDE SURVEY SHOWS TIDE TURNING TO LABOUR, was the headline in *Reynold's News*, which announced that "if all progressive forces can be rallied before Thursday it can ensure . . . a [Labour] Government with an adequate majority." The *Sunday Pictorial* denounced in screaming headlines THE BIG LIES! (Nine of them, taken from Tory election promises. Coincidentally, the *Sunday Express* denounced NINE SKELETONS THE SOCIALISTS WANT TO BURY.)

Monday found *The Times* reporting the *Bournemouth Time's* canvass of local newspaper editors throughout England, which gave the Tories a majority of 76. And the *Manchester Guardian* (editorially advocating "a change") quoted *Time* magazine's forecast of a 20-50 Tory majority, and *Le Monde's* special correspondent, who said that "the possibility of a Labour victory can no longer be excluded." The *Evening Standard*, undaunted, polled its local correspondents, and predicted a majority of precisely 99. The *Daily Telegraph* estimated it at 61. The *Daily Graphic's* "Election Survey" found that the Tories' lead had "widened": it was 51 per cent. to 42 per cent. The *Daily Mail* cautiously spoke of a "small but operative" majority—and the *Daily Express* was preoccupied with its End-the-Purchase-Tax campaign: THE TAX PUSH GROWS—SHOPS, CANDIDATES BACK THE EXPRESS. The *Daily Herald* merely quoted Morgan Phillips's growing (but still cautious) belief that "we can win."

On Tuesday, the *Mail* announced: TORIES BANK ON A MAJORITY OF 50—SWING TO THE RIGHT KEEPS STEADY. The *Mirror* (which, like the *Sunday Pictorial*, obviously thought that it had maintained its "independence" long enough) made a two-page spread out of a working woman's letter: A YOUNG MOTHER WARNS THE WOMEN OF BRITAIN—NEVER LET THIS HAPPEN HERE AGAIN. Even *The Times* (editorial heading: TIME FOR A CHANGE) admitted that a Tory win was now only "almost sure." And the London evening papers quoted a Tory spokesman's complaint that the Socialist "scare stories" were "quite beyond anything [we] have ever met before . . ."

Wednesday found the real Tory fear exposed by the extraordinary emphasis on Mr. Churchill's last ambitions in British politics. PEACE—THE LAST PRIZE I SEEK TO WIN, proclaimed the *Express* headline. WARMONGER CHARGE 'CRUEL,' said the *Mail*. UNGRATEFUL, CRUEL AND UNTRUE CHARGE, said the *Telegraph*. But the *Daily Mirror* hammered home its now famous headline: WHOSE FINGER ON THE TRIGGER? The *Daily Graphic* began to have doubts: IT IS NOT IN THE BAG, began its editorial. And the *Daily Herald* rallied the faithful hopefully: LAST SPURT DOES IT—EVERY

VOTE FOR PEACE. So did the *Daily Worker*: SMASH THE TORIES!

On polling day, the anniversary—as True Blue readers were duly reminded—of Agincourt, Left-inclined headlines were hortatory. In unusual unison the *Daily Worker* and *Daily Herald* both began: VOTE FOR PEACE . . adding: VOTE FOR THE PEOPLE (*Worker*) and, more circumspectly . . . AND THE FAMILY (*Herald*). The *Daily Mirror*, once more demanding to know "WHOSE FINGER?"—a question made dramatic by a front-page picture of a cocked revolver—urged its readers to vote for "the party you can really trust" to create conditions of "Peace with Security and Progress with Fair Shares."

The Right-wing press relied less on slogans. *Daily Telegraph*: BOTH SIDES URGE ALL TO VOTE. *Daily Mail*: TORIES HOPE FOR 50 LEAD.

The *Graphic*, however, countered its tabloid rival with MAKE THIS RIGHT SWING A KNOCKOUT.

Both the *News Chronicle* and *Daily Express* featured last-minute Opinion Polls. Both indicated that, during the campaign, the Tory lead had diminished: final percentages were given as 50 Tory: 46 Labour (*Express*) and 50 Tory: 46.5 Labour (*Chronicle*). The "Don't knows," excluded from these percentages, were put by the *Express* at 4 per cent., and by the *Chronicle* at 11 per cent.

The Times, in turn, spoke cautiously of Tory hopes of a majority of 50. It had no doubt, however, how votes should be cast. Condemning Labour for the "shamefully irresponsible" accusation of war-mongering levelled at Mr. Churchill, it called for "a change" from a Government "exhausted by six years of office." This was precisely the argument of the *Manchester Guardian*, which had to explain, in an embarrassed leading article, to Liberal readers, who had charged it with betraying its Radical past, that Labour under a Conservative Government might succeed in finding "a settled philosophy again." A Churchill Government would be a lesser evil, "a temporary expedient," during which "the Left will rediscover its soul in a spell of political adversity."

AUTOLYCUS

Penny Wisdom in Safety

(By a Correspondent)

FROM the number of Parliamentary questions, last summer, referring to H.M. Inspectorate of Factories, it was evident that M.P.s were becoming anxious about conditions in this small but vitally important Department. Most of the questions were concerned with its drop below strength and poor recruitment. To-day, the Inspectorate is 70 short of its full complement of 379 inspectors on whom the health, safety, and welfare of our industrial population so largely depend. Yet both the T.U.C. and a number of other industrial bodies have expressed the view that the Department's pre-war strength should be increased, rather than be allowed to run down. Indeed, it is puzzling that a Department so closely linked with social reform—its reports have been praised and used to good effect by Socialists from Karl Marx onwards—should have been allowed to fall to such a low ebb under a Labour Government. Even more strange is the fact that its principal champion recently appeared to be a Tory M.P., Dr. Charles Hill.

Factory legislation in Britain really began with Peel's Act of 1802, which sought to impose some measure of control on the employment of pauper apprentices under conditions which were mass breeding-grounds of disease. But, for thirty years, there were no means of enforcing this legislation. The magistrates in the mill towns were for the most part millowners themselves, and they could hardly be expected to enforce such a drastic reform as limiting the hours of work of nine-year-old children against their own interests. Then came the 1833 Act, which achieved a minor revolution by appointing four paid inspectors with powers of enforcing the law. Those early inspectors spent their time battling against indignant employers who still considered that to restrict a nine-year-old girl to 48 hours work a week and a 13-year-old to 12 hours a day were impossible reforms which would ruin the country's economy. At one time employers banded together to oppose the safety recommendations of the factory inspectors—one such body in Manchester being dubbed by Dickens "the Society for the Mangling of Operatives."

The early Acts under which the Inspectorate worked were narrow by modern standards, and enforced elementary points such as the lime-washing of walls and the welfare of child workers. Though under-18s were prevented from working more than 12 hours a day under the 1833 Act, women could still be kept at it for 14 or 15 hours. But gradually the scope of the Factory Acts was extended, the work of the inspectors increased, and their numbers reinforced. In 1844 came an Act to equate the hours of women with those of juveniles, and the first regulations for machinery fencing; 1850 bought the ten-hour day; in 1867, all factories employing 50 people or more were included; in 1878, all manufacturing industries were covered; in 1875 came more fencing and fire regulations; in 1901, railway lines and sidings came under the Acts; in 1937, civil engineering and shipbuilding were included; and to-day practically every form of industrial employment is covered.

In 1878 a remark was made by a chief inspector which showed that, even then, a change more important than all the Acts of Parliament was taking place. He reported: "The work of recent years has been of a very different character. The general acceptance of factory regulations, the support we receive from employers and operatives . . . have all tended to lighten our work." To-day the chief inspectors' reports seldom contain a single reference to "awkward" employers. Instead, we read of more joint committees being set up to reduce illness and accident risks to workers, of employers acting on their own initiative to decorate their factories in bright colours, of more and better welfare, canteen and health facilities being established voluntarily in almost every industry. The 300-odd men and women organised into 12 divisions, who make up to-day's Inspectorate, are, in fact, welcome friends and advisers to all but the most reactionary employers. As a rule they sit on joint panels with employers and trade union leaders, and they are invariably called in to give advice on safety precautions when new processes are adopted. Their one-time main task—bringing prosecutions for infringements—is now only a tiny fraction of their work, a good example of which is the contribution recently made by the Inspectorate in Manchester in developing and encouraging the use of a new type of machine oil which should beat two of the most dreaded diseases of the cotton industry, "cardroom cough" and mule-spinner's cancer.

Yet, though the inspectors' work to-day is so different from that of their predecessors, it is probably no lighter. New industrial processes, such as the use of radio-active materials as tracers, static eliminators, etc., all bring in their train new sets of health and safety factors. Every day the industrial population is growing, more women are coming back to the factories, and the pressure for higher productivity is a constant challenge to safety. The latest Chief Inspector's report announced that there were 192,982 accidents of all types in 1949. That, according to the Inspectorate's standards, is 192,982 too many.

What sort of men and women are these inspectors? To glance at the Department's official recruiting pamphlet one is tempted to think that "supermen only" need apply, and then only if they have private incomes and a number of houses dotted about the country. Technical knowledge and an experience of industry are "desirable," a university education is "usual," a sense of vocation "essential," and the would-be inspector must be prepared for sudden moves from one end of the country to the other with no living accommodation provided or even arranged. Yet salaries are well below those paid to professional class civil servants: pay in the Inspectorate is only 30 per cent. higher than it was before the war. A recent Civil Service Tribunal rejected a claim for higher salaries—with the exception of a few very minor increases—and there lies the clue to the decline in the Department's strength.

The T.U.C. and a number of recent Working Party reports have stressed the dangers of the growing shortage of inspectors. For instance, the Working Party on the furniture industry reported on "dark, dirty, congested, tumbledown places and basements with rickety staircases far too narrow for safety" and added: "the Chief Inspector of Factories is confident that the 1937 Act is adequate to deal with such conditions . . . when the Inspectorate is brought up to strength." Those remarks were made nearly five years ago, and since then the strength of the Inspectorate has fallen still lower. The new Minister of Labour would do well to make an inquiry into conditions in the Department one of his first concerns.

The Green Field

"SIR," said Dr. Johnson, "one green field is very like another green field." But Dr. Johnson was wrong and Dr. Johnson should have known he was wrong, for he had in his time ventured sufficiently far from "the full tide of human existence" to see quite a number of different green fields. The herbage he trod so heartily in the Western Isles, for instance, was manifestly unlike that of his native Midlands. For a green field does not just contain grass-in-the-abstract; every individual field contains a particular assortment of particular types and species of grasses—and clovers as well—each with its particular properties and habits and it is this which determines its value to the farmer. The green field, in short, is not merely an area of land with a pleasant if humble sort of plant growing on it, it is an organic workshop, and the efficiency with which it does its job depends on the number, the quality and the relationship of the organic tools which it contains.

And yet, down the centuries, Johnson's ignorance is echoed by the pathetic and traditional protest of the modern trespasser, "Oh, but I thought it was *only* grass," the cry of one who would see *only* food in bread, meat and milk, *only* light and power in electricity, *only* flight in an aeroplane. For, of course, the modern trespasser is wrong and it is a tragedy that he seldom realises he is so wrong. In reality, these vegetable

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tools in the green field, the grasses and the clovers, are among the most valuable and interesting of all the pieces of equipment we see on the farm. They collectively form the most important of all British farm crops, they cover more acres than all other crops put together, and they include some of the greatest recent technical triumphs of *Homo Sapiens et Faber*. For in the last three centuries he has gone far to convert grass from a self-willed ally to an obedient and faithful servant of the Kingdom of Farming Man.

Now, grass is one of the most important things in the world, for it is the primary food of the domesticated animals which provide man with meat and milk, leather and wool and the greater part of his manure and mobile farm-power. It is, therefore, one of the essential raw materials of the farming industry on which our lives depend. But until very, very recently it has been largely outside human control, an arbitrary gift of nature which man could use but not reproduce. Indeed, one of the keys to economic history is the pervading fact that man could not grow grass, for he lacked both the knowledge and the equipment.

In the days of the Open Fields, for instance, the farmer's energies were devoted to the tillage of his hedgeless ploughland, while "the green grass grew around, around," according to its peculiar laws and properties. He could improve it by manuring or harrowing, he could process it into hay and so conserve it against the winter when no grass grew, but he could not sow it, he could not incorporate it into his technical kingdom. Thus he was dependent on the local sward of his district or on what the birds and the winds chose to seed on arable land he allowed to "tumble down" to pasture. Generally, therefore, grass was both scarce and precious and it is significant that Walstan of Bawburgh, the forgotten patron saint of the English farmer, is represented not with a plough but with a hay-rake. Our ancestors of the Old Farming were laborious and stubborn men and their achievements prodigious; but they could not grow grass.

So the concept of grass as a crop, as part of a farming system and not just something on a farm, is a fairly recent development and it can be traced back to a seventeenth-century squire, Sir Richard Weston. This Weston was a prophetic figure, a champion of turnips and tenant right, of irrigation and canals, and he foreshadowed the "improving landlord" who was to lead the Agricultural Revolution in the next century. But his greatest achievement was the introduction of red clover, the first of all cultivated grassland plants in this country. Then in 1677 occurs the first mention of the sowing and cultivation of perennial rye-grass, in 1707 of white clover, and the farming literature of the early eighteenth century contains various scattered references to the use and value of these new crops. But the future was in the hands of the stray enthusiast and pioneer, for sound, practical men fought shy of the notions of "gentlemen who didn't have to think about rent" and there was little place for clovers in the rotations of the Open Fields.

It is significant, therefore, that the first champion of the grasses proper was no farmer but a dilettante and essayist whose blue stockings passed into a *salon* phrase and then, with distorted meaning into the language. Yet here, too, we can see the future shaping itself; for Benjamin Stillingfleet was in essence a scientist, a man of curiosity, observation and measurement and he used the fields of his landed friends as his laboratory. Typically, he began by assigning names to the various grasses which, equally typically, the uninterested farmers of his time had not even bothered to identify, and his *Calendar of Flora*, published in 1762, contained notes on the agricultural value as well as the botanical characteristics of the different species. Men studied, assessed and tried the organic tools which lay so close to their hands but did not yet exploit them.

When, therefore, the men of the Agricultural Revolution incorporated grass into their farming system at the end of the eighteenth century, they did little more than apply, with unprecedented vigour and on an unprecedented scale, the discoveries and teachings of their predecessors. But King Corn reigned in the fields of the New Farming and the grasses had to serve their apprenticeship at his court. For it is an error to regard grass as a single-purpose tool, and its value is not limited to the production of animal fodder; it also serves to enrich the soil which supports it, either directly, as with the nitrogen-collecting clovers, or indirectly when ploughed back into the soil as green manure. Now, the New Farmers had solved the ancient problem of winter stock-feed with their root-crops but their huge and exacting corn-acreage made heavy demands on the fertility of the land. And this need they met in part by the use of the ley, by incorporating temporary grassland into their arable rotation.

Two things, therefore, were significant about the new rotations. First, they included grass as a normal ploughland crop, for the basic Four-course Shift of winter corn, roots, spring corn and ley replaced the traditional winter corn, spring corn and bare fallow of the Open Fields. Secondly, this ley preceded the wheat crop, thus providing humus for the most important and profitable crop of the time. On the whole, therefore, grass played a subordinate part in the Agricultural Revolution and relatively little attention was paid to permanent pasture, the grassland which did not come under the plough. And the sign and symbol of the technical times was the extreme practical difficulty of obtaining reliable grass seed; commerce had as yet barely begun to serve the grass-grower.

Such was the tradition inherited and continued by the mid-Victorian High Farmers; wheat, barley, oats, these three, and the greatest of these was wheat, direct producer of human food and the primary cash-crop of the British farmer. And indeed there was among these old corn-growers a most pleasing professional pride, an almost truculent self-confidence. Thus, Porter in the 1840s calculated that by 1900 the population of Britain would exceed forty millions but he never doubted that they would all eat home-grown bread, while Mechi in the same decade referred casually to the renewed *exports* of corn which agricultural progress might well render possible. Grass, therefore continued to minister to the triumphant cornsheaf; as grazing and hay it helped to feed the stock which fed the land with manure, as humus it rotted down into the soil after ploughing, leaving its nutrients as a legacy to the succeeding corn crop.

And then, within a generation, the balance shifted. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century the prairie and the ranch, the railway and the steamship, the mechanical reaper, canning and refrigeration, combined to bring to these islands cheap food in unprecedented quantities. Down, down went the price of corn, down, down, though less gravely, went the price of meat; and the bottom dropped out of the traditional system of British agriculture. So perished the great High Farming, in its time one of the industrial wonders of the world, for it had raised the art and science of food-production to a standard never before seen in history. And the economic sceptre of King Corn passed to King Grass.

NIGEL HARVEY

(To be continued.)

Cadwalader Back to Front

He came slowly up the drive, pushing his old bicycle, across the handlebars of which he had tied the redoubtable spade. He wore an enormous cap, back to front; he never wore it in any other way, and nobody had ever seen him wearing anything else. The back of the cap sat low down on his forehead; a deep, wide forehead, without a line in it, it might have been that of a child. It gave him a curious hairless appearance. The peak draped down his neck. The black coat was green with age, the trousers were of a stove-pipe tightness and seemed to have lost what colour they had ever had. The ugly black boots were earth-stained and unpolishable. He wore a thick, loud-striped flannel shirt, but never a collar. He never shaved quite clean, he never cleaned his teeth, he probably went to bed with his cap on.

The bicycle was a miracle of ingenuity; no two of its parts were quite alike, the wheels were odd, the seat seemed ridiculously high, the handlebars were obviously a plain invention of his own. The very construction of this machine suggested a pilgrimage for parts, and one had a vision of Cadwalader haunting the spinnies of the neighbourhood, with an odd glance here and there into somebody's garden shed; it was twenty bicycles in one, and quite worthy of such a character. He was never seen without this bicycle; it appeared to be his closest as well as his only friend. If one turned into a road, a lane, there was Cadwalader moving off somewhere, seated high on the machine, riding leisurely, talking to himself as he always did, and with a profound contempt for time. Unhurried, a tumbril-like mind creaked on top and set into motion the legs below. Man and bicycle were liable to appear at any moment, in any weather, the rider addressing invisible multitudes.

He leaned on the handlebars and took a good look at me.

"Morning, Cadwalader."

"Mornin', mister."

"You've come to do the garden?"

"My missus said you was wantin' some odd jobs done about the old place, mister, isn' it."

"So here you are," I said.

He looked at me somewhat distrustfully. "Well, yes, it was what you was wantin', isn' it, that old garden?" He began to untie the spade. It shone silver from much use, and I noted its razor edge.

"Come this way," I said, and preceded him towards the garden. "Very bad night," I called over my shoulder; "that oak in front of the dining-room, there's a bough must be lopped. rather dangerous."

He remained silent, and then we had reached the garden. Suddenly Cadwalader lifted his spade and laid it across his shoulder. He turned and looked at me. "Funny old garden, isn' it, them old stones. Duw! Soft in the bone them people Harris."

"It is rather neglected," I said.

He appeared to be making up his mind.

"You think it's too bad?"

"Well no, but man, them stones," he said.

"D'you want the job or not?"

He glanced up at the spade on his shoulder, as though he were about to ask its opinion on the matter. "Well, really, badly you want it then. I suppose I could . . . well yes . . . I daresay; but them stones, mister. Duw! Them Harris' was lazy in the bone, mister,"

"Yes or no," I said, "do you want the job"?

He gave an odd smile and a twist to his lip. "Well, well! I'll tackle them old stones anyhow."

"Good," I said, and watched him start. He struck an heroic attitude and began digging towards the East. Cadwalader had his own individual way of doing things, and he stuck to it. To begin anything in a normal manner was only to echo other people. He defied other people. He ignored normality, the accepted thing, the right way. If it was only in the cleaning of windows, Cadwalader would begin at the bottom and work upwards. Let others work from the top to the bottom. As he was sexton as well as odd-job man, the chances were you might be buried upside down. Indeed, this possibility was the one dread of Price Post's life. It was said of Cadwalader that, when he looked at you, it was with a fell purpose: he took your prospective measurements at a glance.

In a village news travels fast. Posting a letter an hour later I was informed gravely by Price Post that "I see you has Cadwalader Back to Front working with you to-day."

"Yes," I said, and tried to look surprised. "Back to Front?"

"Well yes, that's it, isn' it, 'count of his cap, you see, and his odd ways."

"He doesn't, I hope, ride his bicycle back to front," I said.

Price Post showed not a glimmer of a smile.

"Well, no——" he said, with great seriousness, "the usual way; good morning."

When I returned I discovered that Cadwalader had dug a quite large section of the garden, and as I approached the gate I heard him exclaim "Well, damn you, then," as he struck an extra large stone with his spade, and kicked it from one end of the garden to the other. Some inanimate objects could often rouse him to fury. He now paused and leaned on his spade. Watching him was the small boy from next door. He stared persistently at this man with the odd-shaped cap, who was continuously talking to himself. He had not noticed me, and I'm certain he was unaware of the child's presence. I watched him with some fascination. "Well, how's it going?" I asked.

Cadwalader leaned on the spade and said nothing. But he went on muttering. There was something rapt, something terribly still about him as he leaned there, communing with heaven knows what.

"Well?" I said. The rest was silence.

Looking at him, one thought of a sudden visitation from Powysland. I wanted to speak to him again, but refrained from doing so. The area, the very air around him appeared to be sealed off; he was intensely alone, and child and I were beyond his barrier. Suddenly he looked directly at me, but I was certain he had not seen us. We were non-existent. Cadwalader was talking to the stones.

"Best leave him to it," I thought, and was turning away when I heard the thud of the spade. The earth cascaded, the stones flew. Sometimes he dropped the spade to spit on his hands. He still wore his cap, and had not removed his coat. Nobody had ever seen him work in his shirt sleeves. I left Cadwalader still digging and the child fascinated. And then I forgot him altogether, and not until the light began to go did I realise he was still there. He never left a job of his own accord, but always waited for a dismissal. When I went back Cadwalader was still furiously digging, but the child had long since gone.

"Time to go now, Cadwalader," I called. "There's just that lopping job to do before you go home." He was either deaf or indifferent, for he went on digging, ignoring me.

"Finish now. Come back to-morrow," I called. Still receiving no answer, I went to him and patted his shoulder.

He jumped as though struck. "Duw! mister, you might have been the devil." He was sweating heavily, and I thought: "A pint will fix you."

"You've done very well, Cadwalader," I said, "extraordinarily well, considering the state of the garden. . . . But leave it now. Finish it to-morrow."

"Indeed? You think that, truly?"

"Of course."

"You are a positive man, mister," he replied, and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, then rudely spat.

"Come along, this bough must come down, it's dangerous."

He followed me to the front of the house. We stood under the tree. Fourteen feet. It meant a climb. I left him and went for the ladder. He looked at the ladder, at me, and finally at the tree.

"Well indeed," he exclaimed, "where is the saw?"

"Here it is."

"Right, mister, she'll be down in one minute," and at once he tore up the ladder, the saw swinging dangerously in his hand.

"Careful!" I said.

He was already astride the bough, settling himself to a good position. I went back to the house. "He's on the job now," I said to my wife. I could hear the singing of the saw through the open window. "You had better stand by," she said, and at the same moment we heard the slow, splintering sound. I rushed out to the tree. Cadwalader looked a strange sight as he sat there, one arm furiously working; the dying light had not yet obliterated the tense features, the famous cap. Only now did I realise that he was slowly sawing himself off. I shouted, but it was too late. Man and bough came hurtling down. I hurried to him. The bough lay across his chest, the saw some distance away. I inquired if he was hurt. I removed the bough.

"Are you hurt, Cadwalader?"

He got to his feet. He drew himself up with some dignity and looked at me. "The bugger's down," he said.

"Come and have a drink?"

"Indeed no, mister," he paused. "Indeed I will not."

"See you to-morrow," I said, following him to the gate.

He turned and looked at me. "You are indeed a very positive man, mister," he said.

"About eleven o'clock," I said.

"You are very certain, mister." He began to lash the spade across the handlebars. "Well, well," he said. I shall not forget the expression on his face, nor the sepulchral utterance. "To-morrow, mister, I am putting Parry *down*," he said, and he spoke slowly, and with some dramatic effect. I had a momentary vision of a toga, an upraised arm, a down-turned thumb. "Therefore I *shall* not come."

Nor was it yet so dark that I failed to see that sad, yet baleful eye. The idea of his calling on me for another purpose left me quite dumb. He did not speak again, but turned his back on me, hunched his shoulders, and went slowly down the drive. I remained standing there until he had vanished into the darkness. Yet after the gate had closed I still seemed to hear those slowly spoken words, see those hunched shoulders, that might have spoken a lofty indifference or a charitable commiseration.

JAMES HANLEY

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The Arts and Entertainment

THE ORSON WELLES OTHELLO

ONCE again, with Mr. Orson Welles's production of *Othello* at the St. James's, the first-night audience evidently missed the fine experience which those who go subsequently will be able to enjoy. For when we have said all that has to be said to the detriment of the production as a whole—when we have noted the bad acting and casting in many of the subsidiary roles, scenery too clumsy to make up for its prettiness, inefficient stage management, rather slap-dash producing—still beyond it all we shall long remember something that more than makes up for that, the thing in fact that we go to the theatre for, and so very rarely get—the knock-out from the impact of a superb individual performance that simply carries one away. The great lumbering dazed bull which Mr. Welles gives us for Othello may, too, have its shortcomings in detail; but the fact remains that it imposes itself on us so powerfully and terrifyingly that we hardly notice them. This huge, goaded figure rolls on to the stage the dreadful fog of menace and horror, thickening, wave after wave, with each successive entrance. The very deliberation of his movements, of his great lifted head and rolling bloodshot eye, and the deep slow notes rumbled from the massive chest, pile up the sense of inevitability almost to the point of the unbearable. In the end we long (and isn't this the point of tragedy?) for the tension to be burst, and the violent piercing of the jugular vein when it comes at last brings a sense of merciful relief. It isn't often that one is carried so steadily and inexorably up to this point, and nowadays of the two classical ingredients of tragedy, pity is the one that is most often and most easily invoked. Mr. Welles (at least on the second night) gave off an aura of terror such as I have seen no other actor before produce. Nor is there anything sensational (such as rumour might have led us to expect) about the way he produced it. He does not depend on trickery or effect. On the contrary, his own performance is an extraordinarily still one: movement is rare and slow. It is done by sheer weight of personality and an imagination that feels the climax mounting, mounting, mounting, and projects that above everything on to us.

Too much, it may be argued, is sacrificed to this climactic build-up. Mr. Welles is certainly limited in his vocal range. He has a powerful bass and a terrifying roar, and an affecting warm, quiet tone. But he doesn't convince us of feeling a real relish in the poetry (how idly thrown away, with his back to us, for instance, were those exquisite three lines "Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul But I do love the . . ."). There is drastic cutting and some transposition of scenes, which many may find annoying. Naturally enough, for only very recently has the battle for a proper respect for the Shakespearean text been fought and won; and knowing what horrors the past perpetrated on Shakespeare, we are still jealous of the exact text. But Shakespeare, after all, wasn't a self-conscious artist, he was a working dramatist; and reverence for textual accuracy can be carried too far.

Still, it must be admitted, the play as a whole was distinctly below the standard we have come to expect in Shakespearean production. Of the subsidiary actors only the Emilia (Miss Maxine Audley) and the Montano (Michael Warre) and the Lodovico (Edward Mulhare) were even adequate. The whole conception of the Roderigo was idiotic and maddening: this way of playing him as a dim-witted nincompoop was not funny and slowed down the action of the first part unnecessarily; time saved over him could well have been used elsewhere. Miss Gudrun Ure had one touching moment in the second act as Desdemona, but she lacks, of all things, dignity, and this leaves Mr. Welles himself almost too much to do, to manage the murder scene virtually unaided. The Motley set produced some pretty effects; but the device of drop scenes with a curtain half-drawn was not effective while the noise of preparations going forward behind the shrouded half of the stage was thoroughly distracting. In effect this production isolates the duel between Iago and Othello, for they alone really tell. Mr. Peter Finch's Iago pleased me enormously. He, too, is vocally unvarious. But his absolute hardness, the unrelenting edge, the completely unsmiling ruthlessness seemed to me most convincing. Perhaps the superb moment of this production is the long scene between the two of them when Iago first infuses the poison of jealousy, the scene which brings us to the interval at the highest pitch of expectation. Then, in the second part Othello's striking of Desdemona in front of the Ambassador from Venice succeeds in making a more terrible effect than I ever remember it doing before. (This, by the way, was Miss Ure's best scene.) The beginning of the murder scene was held up for some minutes by faulty stage management on the night I was there, but it says very much for Mr. Welles's power that he recovered grip by half-way through the scene, and gathered the tension together again to bring about a terrifying climax. But the folly of the chief actor's trying also to do the production is continually illustrated throughout.

T. C. WORSLEY

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THE FESTIVAL HALL

Now that the Festival Hall is settling down as our main orchestral auditorium, it is time to reconsider our views about its suitability for that role. One assertion can safely be made: we shall never want to go back to Kensington Gore. The interior of the Albert Hall is visually more attractive than that of the new one, which is curiously inhuman: we might be sitting inside a monstrously enlarged modern "radiogram," with some vast and fiendish user peering in through that mysterious row of black windows behind the chorus. But the Albert Hall, apart from its famous echo, reduces nearly every musical texture to mush; only the solo singer and the solo violinist come through safely. The Festival Hall, in its present state, is far from perfect; but it is never mushy. If we don't hear all the notes, then either composer or conductor is to blame.

In Guido Cantelli and Sir Thomas Beecham we have had, during the last fortnight, two conductors who knew how to obtain from their orchestras precisely what they wanted. Both orchestras (the Philharmonia and the Royal Philharmonic respectively) were on top of their form; and the result was a series of vivid and exceptionally clear performances. In eighteenth-century music one could hardly ask for more; and I think Beethoven too would have sounded quite satisfactory, though there happened to be no Beethoven in the programmes which I heard. But both conductors, it seemed, had the same difficulty in conveying to the audience the full richness and romantic glow of certain later types of music. Two kinds of music seem to suffer most: the elusive, atmospheric piece, and the sumptuous, late-Romantic scores of Wagner, Strauss and Rachmaninoff. I doubt if there was anything much wrong with Cantelli's handling of *The Swan of Tuonela*, or with Beecham's of *In a Summer Garden*. Yet both these pieces refused to exhale the drowsy magic of which they are capable; they sounded unmysterious, matter-of-fact, stolid. Again, the climactic sections of *Tod und Verklärung* (in Cantelli's programme) and of the *Meistersinger* overture (in Beecham's) sounded powerful enough; but the tone refused to blend, and the raucous, uncushioned blare of the brass seemed to justify the strictures of Victorian critics on the Wagnerian style of orchestration.

It is doubtless one and the same fault which prevents both these categories of music from making their proper effect. Probably the reverberation period of the hall is still just too short; possibly also the steep slope of orchestra and auditorium encourages the brass and percussion to drown the strings in the valley between. Whatever the cause, it is quite astonishing how differently music of a fully saturated texture can sound in a suitable auditorium, such as the Prinzregententheater in Munich, or the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam. By the way, I must protest at the assumption that those of us who are not quite satisfied with the acoustics of the Festival Hall in their present state are displaying a taste vitiated by long experience of the Albert Hall. Really, our memories and our range of concert-going are not as limited as all that! Not to mention the well-remembered Queen's Hall, we have had the opportunity to hear music elsewhere since the war: at Edinburgh or Bournemouth, Manchester or Liverpool, Paris or Amsterdam, Rome or Vienna. The acoustic properties of the great European concert halls show many interesting variations; but I can think of no famous auditorium with the peculiar dryness of tone which is to be felt at every big climax in the Festival Hall. There seems to be a growing consensus of opinion about this fault; I notice that even *The Times*, formerly very indulgent to the Hall, now allows that "in the richest Wagner its limitations are clearly defined." If further modifications are possible, the time has come to make them.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Detective Story," at the Plaza
"Justice est Faite," at the Rialto
"The Secret of Convict Lake," at the Leicester Square Theatre

William Wyler, who made *Detective Story*, has one of the greatest reputations in the cinema. His films include *Wuthering Heights*, *The Little Foxes*, *The Best Years of Our Lives* and *The Heiress*, as well as two excellent war-time documentaries. He is accounted a technical master, a director who can handle actors with taste and understanding, a box-office wizard with the serious purpose of a true artist. All this is true up to a point: yet the list of his films is not impressive. *The Little Foxes*, certainly, but the other three mentioned above are all by now either faded or failures. In spite of his immense cleverness in all branches of the medium, his work suffers from the cinema's endemic complaint—lack of purpose. Where John Ford, lost in his woozy romantic dream of the old West makes films that are incoherent, childish and still somehow magical, where Lewis Milestone can rise to the challenge of the war situation and produce a genuine comment on it in *A Walk in the Sun*, Wyler devotes his energies to photographing a brassy, vivid, trite stage play which adds nothing new to one's view of the cinema,

the subject or Wyler himself. Seeing it (and it is one of the best-made American films for a very long time) the objection hardly obtrudes. A stagey cast, excellently led by Kirk Douglas, goes to town in a stagey way on the multitude of good small parts: perhaps a little more delicacy from the director and the film would have survived on its performances, as *Ebb Tide* has done. The detail, as always in this kind of piece, is exact, and the main action—the father-fixated detective who is unwittingly repeating the hated pattern of his childhood in his own later life—strong enough to have formed the backbone of a more memorable film. But after one leaves the cinema, what remains of it? It has been a firework display, spectacular and momentarily impressive, but merging within a few hours into all the other firework displays one has seen and again momentarily been grateful for. With nothing to say, nothing has been said. A flimsy scrap of nonsense like *Edward and Caroline*, if only because it was made with genuine affection and sympathy, lingers far longer in the memory than all the spangles and eruptions of *Detective Story*.

Justice est Faite seems determined not to fail for the same reason. Here we are presented with a trial for euthanasia on the one hand and an analysis of the concept of justice as exemplified in trial by jury on the other. Unfortunately, picking a provocative subject does not necessarily mean having any ideas about it. André Cayatte demonstrated his inadequacy in *Les Amants de Verone*, where an equally meaty theme was dealt with entirely in terms of melodrama. Here he takes refuge in lofty platitudes, and replies to the simplest rhetorical question, like Stephen Potter's doctor, with a meaningful "Alas, we do not know." The film's strength lies in its performances, and in the slickness with which Cayatte puts across his hollow points; but after Wyler's virtuosity, his efforts look decidedly wan.

The Secret of Convict Lake makes no pretence of being anything but a good old-fashioned drama, and even that does not hold up for long. Four escaped convicts come to a mountain village peopled only by women, the men having gone off to look for silver until the climax. The women, a stirring band, include Ethel Barrymore, Ann Dvorak and Jeanette Nolan, Orson Welles's much maligned Lady Macbeth. The convicts include Zachary Scott and Cyril Cusack. All is set for lust, violence and an orgy of hamming, and under Michael Gordon's direction we get just that. On its own level this might have been the sort of film which could have stolen all the thunder from Wyler and Cayatte: as it is, one is made to realise that there are worse faults in the cinema than having no message.

FRANK HAUSER

TELEVISION NOTES

ONE of the compensations for the excessive outlay needed to install a television set is the casual interviews which occur without benefit of announcement in the *Radio Times* when the B.B.C. has someone interesting visiting the studios. Lennox Robinson, the author of *The Whiteheaded Boy*, was introduced to us recently; he rapidly settled down in front of the camera and explained how he thought television was going to ruin him and his fellow dramatists! These few minutes of extempore speech do more than all the scripts in the world to reveal the personality of a man. If he has something genuine to say and is not afraid to be seen searching for the right words to say it (as we all do in intelligent conversation), the television camera is his friend.

We all sat like aunts at a school prizegiving watching the party speakers in the television election talks and interviews. We saw what the camera could do to help or hinder in establishing the *effect* of sincerity and of a lively interest in the viewer which are so important in a party political broadcast. First of all, it is no good to sit reading a script, unless referring to it can in some way be made to appear the most natural thing in the world. It is no good, either, being too quick and glib and professional, like an actor who has learnt everything by heart or a man who wants you to feel he's a bright boy who's got the whole thing taped. The speaker to whom I give my television election Oscar is the one who was a bit nervous, knew his answers, but who, unlike the rest, had not got his words immediately pat. He shared his search for the right reply with his listeners, and so psychologically drew them into the political arena themselves. But how much better an armchair would have been than the seat behind a desk; for one thing it would have removed the twisting bunch of bananas that the hands become when pushed into the foreground of the picture, and for another destroyed the illusion that we were all back at school in the civics class.

The most interesting original programme that I was able to see this month was *The Loch Ness Monster*, written by Duncan Ross. Ross has a fine direct way in handling documentary stories, and he brought to the cameras many of the people who claimed that they had seen the Monster, and others, such as a reporter from the national press, who had covered the story when it rose to its height in 1933. He brought in some amusing dramatised sequences showing how hoaxes were perpetrated. The whole thing ended, as it should, with the mystery unsolved and all one's doubts completely shaken. But I think it was a mistake to use the fanciful structure of a mock court of law, and the programme was at least too long by the fifteen minutes or so of film material about the economic life of Scotland in the Loch Ness area. Another interesting documentary series is made up of dramatic reconstructions of sensational press stories from the past in *I Made News*.

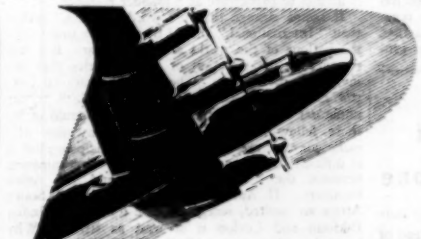
Terry-Thomas's series, *How Do You View*, I find very funny indeed, especially the carefully-observed characters Terry-Thomas puts up for Leslie Mitchell to interview. Whereas the rest is fun and games and sheer high spirits, this demands and gets a level of acting which adds considerably to the range of the show.

In drama I enjoyed particularly the performances of Eileen Herlie in *The Little Foxes* and of D. A. Clarke-Smith in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, both in production (by Stanley Haynes and Harold Clayton respectively), which were on a high level. Comparison of the first of these with the Bette Davis film, directed by William Wyler, raises the whole issue of how far the conditions governing the production of plays for television will ever allow a producer to establish a quality of style equal to that of a first-class film.

ROGER MANVELL

William Dobson, at the Tate Gallery

English portraits of the seventeenth century have reached us on the wave of a new interest in our native tradition. Nobody took much notice of them before, as objects of aesthetic delight, though of course antiquarians and students of family history have always woven, and will continue to weave, romances around them. Now we are asked by respect-worthy art historians to treat Dobson, Lely, Kneller (who counts as English) with respect. William Dobson (1611–1646), successor to Van Dyck and portrait painter to the Royalist Court during the Civil War, has a room to himself at the Tate. The exhibition is admirably organised by Mr. Oliver Millar, and his catalogue will be a permanent work of reference. In spite of this, it remains doubtful whether Dobson deserves so high a tribute. Very little is known of his early training; he died in his middle thirties; he confined his



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attention chiefly to the features of eminent contemporaries, of generals and admirals, accompanied by their pages and the symbols of their power and pomp. Consequently the range of his work as we know it, not of subject-matter only but of style and manner of presentation, is painfully limited. To see, and really to absorb, six good examples—to spot his neat and unvarying handwriting imposed on every breastplate and gauntlet—is as instructive as to see and absorb twenty. It would be silly to underestimate the confidence, efficiency, and great value of these portraits as documents for the military and naval historian; but as works of art they are killed by the tricks of the trade, too fluently learnt. Dobson picked up hints from the young Titian, from Tintoretto and Van Dyck, and seemed to be content to flatten each new face that turned up in the mangle of his lazy formula. An exception must be made for the *Executioner with the Baptist's Head*. Though this appears to be a copy of a lost composition by some Flemish follower of Caravaggio—and as such the only Dobson in the show that is not strictly his own invention—it is nevertheless one of the most inventive and intense. The exhibition is worth a visit, if only for this curious example of a European picture.

B. N.

"Figure of Fun," at the Aldwych

This is an adaptation of a light comedy by André Roussin, who wrote *The Little Hut*. As in that play, the material is wafer-thin and everything depends on the lightest of touches in the translation, the acting and the directing. Such confections must be crisp all through, but here, in all three ingredients, the mixture has gone soggy in patches somewhere between France and England. The piece makes an amusing evening, but it doesn't melt in the mouth as *The Little Hut* did. It is a variation on the play inside the play. An actor, playing a husband who has just been deserted by his wife, resents being typecast as a nice, weak man who wouldn't make a fuss, and would be only too willing to forgive. He protests to the other actors when they are discussing the play (of which we have just been shown one act), that he, in life, would behave quite differently. His protests are ironical, for the others have been charged with telling him that his wife has indeed left him that very night, so he has the chance of proving his own opinion of himself. So far does he fail that he arrives weakly drunk at his play the following evening, and the curtain has to be rung down half-way through the scene we are watching. Since little happens, and that not unexpected—the fun must come from marking the difference between life acted and life lived. And this line is not firmly drawn enough in performance. Mr. John Mills exerts all his charm, and plays the drunk scene very funnily. Mr. Peter Buli is comically surprising as a radio interviewer with a stutter. Mr. Arthur Macrae is, as always, a delightful comedian, relying on the finer shades of gesture and inflection to make his points. Miss Brenda Bruce with a small piece of malicious caricature, makes it seem large. Miss Tanya Moiseiwitsch supplies the charming set.

T. C. W.

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Correspondence

THE COMMONWEALTH AND EGYPT

SIR,—In the Note to Egypt published in the press on October 15, it was stated that "an Allied Middle East Command" is desirable; that "France, Turkey, the United Kingdom and the United States are prepared to participate with other interested countries"; that "invitations to participate in the Command have been addressed to Australia, New Zealand and the Union of South Africa, who have indicated their interest in the defence of the area, and who have agreed in principle"; and that "Egypt is invited to participate as a founder member."

It seems strange that the word "Allied," rather than "International," should be used at a time when the nations of the world are not at war. But still stranger is the selection of the countries that are invited to participate. When the international control of the Suez Canal is contemplated, it is not unnatural that the British Government should invite those fellow-members of the Commonwealth who make constant use of the Canal to participate; but it is difficult to see any justification for discriminating between the "White" members and the Asian members. If Australia, New Zealand and South Africa are invited, surely the case for inviting India, Pakistan and Ceylon is at least as strong. Why have they been omitted? Can it be that they are regarded in Whitehall as mere second-class members of the Commonwealth? God forbid! Yet their omission will surely be so interpreted in Asia. Or is it because, in any division of opinion that might arise between Britain and Egypt on the administration of the Canal, the Asian members could not always be relied on to vote with Britain? (On the same day, October 15, *The Times* reported that "Sixteen editors of Pakistan daily newspapers published a joint statement to-day declaring their full sympathy for the Egyptians in the present decisive phase of their struggle against Britain." But Governments are sometimes more prudent than editors.)

I can see no satisfactory ground for this discrimination between the two groups of eastern members of the Commonwealth. The Egyptian Government was bound to believe that Britain was proposing an international control of the Canal which would always be dominated by her friends, and in which, therefore, her position *vis-à-vis* Egypt would only be strengthened. And it looks as if Whitehall were determined to snub the Asian members of the Commonwealth, and to let them see that their membership counts for nothing in British official eyes. They have been seriously disturbed by British policy in Persia. Will the short-sightedness of the Note to Egypt finally drive them out of the Commonwealth? I hope not.

It may not be too late for the British Government to invite the three Asian members of the Commonwealth to exercise their good offices in the whole Anglo-Egyptian dispute. There is much popular sympathy with Egypt all over Asia, no doubt; but India, Pakistan and Ceylon have not forgotten that they owe their freedom in large measure to deliberate British policy. I believe they all three genuinely wish to remain associated with the Commonwealth, provided they are treated with proper respect. Their combined wisdom might well prove to be exactly what is needed for restoring peace to the Middle East. Surely the bold and imaginative statesmanship that Britain showed in her Asian policy in 1947 and 1948 is still alive.

144 Oaktree Lane,
Selly Oak,
Birmingham.

HORACE ALEXANDER

ARMING FOR PEACE

SIR,—I have the choice of three candidates, Conservative, Liberal and Labour. Each tells me we must re-arm for peace and for that process I must contribute duly to the astronomical costs. Of course. What threatens peace? Take Korea. I must share the costs of repelling aggression there, which entails the slaughter of—is it?—two million civilians, not to speak of armed forces. Those "sorties" in hundreds must cost a lot of money and those ingenious napalm bombs—invented initially for tank destruction. Of course. That is not all. To-day in *The Times* (October 23) I read that Wall Street has its biggest fall this year. The causes? The strike of longshoremen, higher taxation and "the psychological effect of the accord to reopen the Korean peace talks." Yesterday I learned from the *Financial Times* that South Korea (per Syngman Rhee) is providing the U.S.A. with all the tungsten that country needs. Please, Sir, what is aggression? What is defence? What does rearming for peace really mean?

"PERPLEXED"

ANGLO-IRANIAN

SIR,—"Hector" quotes a ludicrous figure when he states that the "profits of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company during 1950 have been unofficially estimated at £250 millions." This is the kind of unfounded statement made by Iranian propagandists when they try to decry the Company's benefits to Iran, such as were outlined in Mr. Chisholm's letter.

The Company's actual profit figures will be known when the 1950 balance sheet is published shortly. Meanwhile your readers may be interested to note that the Company's net profits for 1948 and 1949 (after allowing, of course, for royalty payments and British income tax) were £24.5 millions and £18.4 millions respectively. Royalty payments to the Iranian Government for the same years were £9.2 millions and £13.5 millions. Had the Supplemental Agreement been ratified, these latter amounts would have been £23.8 millions (including £5.1 millions in respect of 1947) and £22.9 millions. The Company's stockholders received £7.1 millions in each year.

"Hector," with the aid of his fictitious £250 millions profit for 1950, seeks to show that the Company, on the basis of the Supplemental Agreement, would have paid Iran only 12 per cent. of its total profits for that year. "Hector" apparently does not know that the Company's interests are not confined to Iran, though this fact has repeatedly been noted in the press of late. Though the Company paid the Iranian Government a percentage related to its world-wide profits, the bulk of that Government's direct revenue from the Company came, perfectly justly, from royalty payments on the oil tonnage exported from, or sold in, Iran. Thus it is wholly misleading to calculate Iran's share as a percentage of the Company's world-wide profits, even when these are correctly estimated.

"Hector," also on the strength of his imaginary "fair division" of profits, presumes that the Majlis was completely justified in failing to ratify the Supplemental Agreement. It is well known to those who followed Iranian reactions to this Agreement that it never achieved an objective or detailed study by either the Majlis itself or its Special Oil Committee. It became entirely a question of domestic politics and was never considered as a straightforward economic matter.

As to "Hector's" figures for the Iranian national budget, it is this correspondent's impression that the total revenue for 1950 was reckoned at £95 millions, not £66 millions. But perhaps "Hector" has converted Iranian rials into pounds at the "free rate"

and not at the specially low rate applied to the Company when it required to change over £21 millions a year into rials? P. A. STOCKIL

Britannic House,
Finsbury Circus, London, E.C.2.

THE GERMAN SCENE

SIR,—Irene Rathbone asks a rhetorical question, but unlike most of those who do so, makes no categorical reply.

Does she mean to imply that the last two wars were fought simply to defeat German militarism, the fault lying solely with Germany? It is no rhetorical question to ask her if she ever heard of Britain's "divide and rule" policy in Europe, or knew anything of Britain's determination to protect her trade routes when Germany expanded from a number of small States into a united nation?

The first world war arose from that determination, the second was the direct outcome of the post-war policy which caused the economic collapse of a Germany that might have become a Republic. I do not myself believe that Stresemann was being hypocritical when he said to the League of Nations Assembly: "If you could have made me one concession I could have made of Germany a great peace-loving nation; that you could not, or you would not, is my tragedy and your crime."

This is not the first time that this country has been responsible for rearming Germany. Perhaps Miss Rathbone has forgotten the downfall of the Weimar Republic and the consequent rise of Hitler, and the fact that British armament factories turned out guns and shells for Hitler's armies, and that British firms exported to Germany large quantities of nickel, chromium, pig-iron and steel right up to 1939.

It was, perhaps, by a much narrower margin that most people now care to face, that Britain did not go to war *alongside* Hitler against Soviet Russia in 1939, for Communism was the fear and bugbear of Churchill and Chamberlain, as it had been of Lloyd-George and Clemenceau, and as it was of Hitler; and as it is now apparently of Attlee and Morrison.

These fanatical condemnations of whole peoples do not make for peace, but for war, and the immoral expediencies of militarism which are not peculiar to only one nation must surely sicken honest people sufficiently for them to demand a halt, not only to the rearmament of Germany and Japan but to the rearmament of any nation at all anywhere.

SYBIL MORRISON

St. Leonard's Terrace, S.W.3.

THE COMMON CHILD

SIR,—I am at one with Mr. Green in condemning the cursory nature of the examination for entry into the Grammar school at the age of 11, but I fear that is the limit of our agreement. No one is deciding the child's *career* at the age of 11; indeed, in the Grammar school it is frequently still undecided by the parent and pupil when the latter is 14. On the other hand, it is clear that we have many misfits in the Grammar school.

By the age of 11, children have normally received a primary education for five to six years. At that age it becomes very clear to their teachers that some of them far outstrip their fellows in their ability to acquire and to assimilate knowledge—I would put this figure at about 10 per cent. It is not sound educationally to insist that they be further retarded to the pace of the rest, but much of the present difficulty arises from the insistence of most local authorities in placing 20 per cent. or more of their pupils into the Grammar school at this stage.

One other major difficulty lies in the neglect of primary education in this country, and in the consequent unevenness of standard from school to school. It is, I suspect, for this reason that authorities generally place the age 11 examination first in importance and the school record a poor second. It is notable that many candidates of all parties in this election are stressing that what money there is to be available for education should be used first for improvements at the primary stage. With the limited sources which will be available for many years to come for school building and equipment, I feel that their judgment is sound; in which case we shall have ample time to discuss major changes at the secondary level!

In the meantime let the Comprehensive schools already building prove themselves in operation before we commit ourselves to them on a national scale. For too long we have adopted half-baked methods in developing national education. MINERSON

RENT CONTROL

SIR,—I am, I hope, too good a Socialist to wish to see any complete abrogation or amendment of the Rent Restrictions Acts, but there is one argument at least which may be justifiably used in favour of some form of rent increase. When controlled property now falls vacant, the landlord has no consideration other than to sell it—which he can indeed do on a very profitable basis. But if the rent of the property concerned had been increased to the extent where repairs could be satisfactorily maintained without reducing the net rent received by the owner before the war, he might well be prepared to re-let rather than to sell.

As things stand at present, an unfair advantage in obtaining a home is given to those who have sufficient capital at their disposal to make it possible to obtain a mortgage. A man of small means has no alternative but to pay, in many cases, an exorbitant rental for inadequate quarters and to await in hope of his name rising to the top of the list of those waiting for council houses. While rent increases would undoubtedly increase hardship in some cases, the fact remains that council house tenants do in fact frequently have to meet them. HENRY MARTIN

GREEK POLICY

SIR,—The recent entry of Greece into the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, coupled with the emergence of Field Marshal Papagos as the leader of the largest single faction in Greek politics, cannot but heighten the tension in South-east Europe and increase the dangers of a wider conflict involving the major Powers. Whatever the wishes of British and American advisers, the alliance with Greece, and the additional confidence it must give to the Military League in Athens, prepare the way for offensive action and the transformation of the Cold War into open conflict.

I recall many conversations with an Athenian journalist, employed by a leading Royalist newspaper, in the summer of 1945. He spoke of legitimate Greek claims for the territories of its northern enemies. Greece, the victor nation, should occupy Northern Epirus, Thrace and Sofia. With a calmness and conviction that made his words the more appalling, he spoke of the necessity for military action if these just claims were not met.

"We won, they lost," he said, "men die, Greece remains. We must have a greater Greece."

"But what of the Red Army?"

"We will fight that, too."

"What with?"

"We can have 500,000 soldiers."

"And that will beat the Red Army?"

"You will help us."

And he was utterly convinced that Britain would help the Greek Jingos, that dreams of a new Byzantium would come true; a third world war was not too high a price to pay.

The walls of Athens and the publicists of the military clique showed that his was not a lone voice. Three slogans appeared at every turn: "We want a Greater Greece," "We want Sofia," "Northern Epirus is Greek."

These slogans were the demands of men who are now laying claim to supreme power in Greek affairs. They are fused with, and no doubt modified by, the needs of "Operation Lightning" and the satisfaction of Greece's new allies, Turkey, Yugoslavia and Italy. The gradiose schemes and aggressive instincts of the Athenian military mind are held back only by the doubtful loyalty of many Greeks to such concepts, by the requirements of Atlantic diplomacy, and by the existence of the United Nations Organisation.

These factors may not remain sufficient deterrents, and we shall find ourselves allied to a policy of aggression albeit heralded as the defence of the frontiers of Western civilisation.

36 Woodham Road, S.E.6. I. T. WHITE.

MRS. ASIMINA AMBATIELOS

SIR,—As this old lady has now been acquitted on all the charges brought against her, despite the 27 prosecution witnesses, it seems unnecessary to prolong a discussion with Mr. Pallis on the correct translation of *kategoritirion*, for which we used the English word "indictment," whilst also retaining the original Greek word.

As Mr. Pallis uses the word "genuine," however, may we be permitted to say that the copy of the *kategoritirion*, the subject of our observations, was sent to a firm of solicitors in this country by defence counsel for Mrs. Ambatielos. JOHN ELTON,

Haldane Society. *Hon. Secretary*

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

SIR,—While I hesitate to question Mr. Faber, whose name is stamped on the back of the only book I ever wrote, his article, "Shadow over Books" in your issue of October 6, does suggest two questions to which I would like to hear his answers.

He refers to the publisher as carrying "the entire financial burden and risk," as "a universal uncle to whom authors (among others) look for their means of livelihood," and as "providing all the money and taking all the risk."

I would first like to ask Mr. Faber why the author is not to be considered as providing any money or taking any risk. Before a manuscript reaches a publisher's reader it has involved the author in a good deal of out-of-pocket expenses, in keeping himself while writing the book, and in forgoing the good money he might have earned as a labourer in the same time. All this is pure risk (except for commissioned manuscripts), and represents a larger proportion of the author's "turnover" than of the publisher's, who publishes several books together.

Secondly, Mr. Faber might tell us to whom publishers look for their means of livelihood, if not to authors. He certainly reaches a sound conclusion—"in a civilised and progressive society, books are essential tools"—but it is unkind of him to drag the horse of an author there with his publishing cart.

Marshfield, Chippenham. DAVID REEVES

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THE HOGARTH PRESS

Books in General

MR. JOYCE CARY is the chameleon among contemporary novelists. Put him down in any environment or any class, rich, middling or poor, English, Irish or foreign, and he changes colour and becomes whatever his subject is, from an English cook to an African delinquent, from a ten-year-old Irish hoyden to an English army wife or an evangelical lawyer. The assimilation is quick, delectable, sometimes profound. Many novelists have a wide range of character, but it is often merely a range of conscientious guesses; Mr. Cary goes further and becomes the person. He is the magician, the mimic, the fertile dissembler never short of the blarneying word or the impenetrable disguise. At its best, the gift is empathy; and it never falls below the level of astonishing character-acting. Saved by his vitality and changeableness—his ability to throw off a picaresque novel by the bucketful one moment and then a novel of introspection and sensibility the next—he baffles us because we do not know whether to regard him as a genius or a hoaxer, a fantastic and thinking poet or a demon of Anglo-Irish loquacity and pastiche.

Hard to obtain in their original copies, Mr. Cary's novels are now appearing in a uniform edition. His central trilogy containing *Herself Surprised*, *To be a Pilgrim* and *The Horse's Mouth** can now be read as a whole. Certain boundaries can be marked. An Irish upbringing has preserved for him the nearness of the late Victorian age. He can jump back to the Diamond Jubilee with agility and freshness, as if that event were about to occur to-morrow. He comes to full sensual bloom in Edwardian England without being a period writer. This does not mean that he dates, but simply that he was born in the good time; in his comic writing, we notice that he is not laughing on the other side of his face; in his sensitive writing he is not taking the lint off favoured wounds. He is perfectly aware, as an artist, of the last thirty years, but he springs upon them with all the confidence and combativeness of one brought up on the old disciplines. His essence is traditional, whereas later writers are all marked by the modishness, the short expectation of life, which has been forced upon the arts by the two wars and their revolutions. The title of the gravest of his books, *To be a Pilgrim*, is taken from the hymn, and at the back of his work is the Protestant faith—Anglo-Irish Low Church—seen alternatively at its most tenacious and its most hypocritical. Ideologically one could say that Mr. Cary is the Protestant reply to Mr. Graham Greene: the Sara of *Herself Surprised* is a heroine who corresponds, in many ways, to the intellectual villainness, the justice-seeking barmaid of *Brighton Rock*. To Catholic mysticism, Mr. Cary makes the reply—quite explicitly in the moving and comic account of the Benjamite sect in *To be a Pilgrim*—of a Protestant conviction. And if Mr. Cary is a non-stop comic, a non-stop poet, he is also a non-stop preacher.

* *Herself Surprised; To be a Pilgrim; The Horse's Mouth.* By JOYCE CARY. *Michael Joseph.* 1 vol. 10s. 6d.

The basis of Anglo-Irish writing is intoxication, from Somerville-Ross to Shaw and from Shaw to Joyce onwards. It is also experimental. The experiment consists in exploding a strong personality among traditional material. The business of experiment, these writers seem to say, is to adapt. So when Sara, the garrulous West Country cook, tells her tale with her ready words and her twisted mingling of prudery, honesty and sly lechery, she is really an adaptation of *Moll Flanders*:

> Miss Rodwick was a good soul. She would bring me daffodils and tulips, and if they were the short ones or the little ones, as Miss Slaughter said, why should I poison a gift with looking beyond it, especially in the country where, God knows, a bad thought about a neighbour is as good as grease in your soup. Miss Rodwick gave many a start of pleasure and asking nothing in return. . . .

Sara is Nature herself, unscrupulous, untidy; and yet she is more than Nature, for she has faith. It is in all the dominant Cary characters. If she is inclined to overdo herself, in a literary phrase—for she has a touch of Irish literariness—she has a sort of soul which confidently, if deleteriously moves on in its earthly pilgrimage. The moving-on is everything. We are to see her through the eyes of her other lovers, in *The Horse's Mouth* and *To be a Pilgrim*, and when one of them accidentally kills her by pushing her down the cellar steps, she is (as always) capable of one more revelation. She has (she realises in a moment of naive wonder, excitement, even of satisfaction) been murdered! She has had one more earnest of the mystery of love and life.

The Horse's Mouth is the most popular of Mr. Cary's adaptations. It is adapted from Smollett, crossed with Surtees and Somerville-Ross; it has none of Smollett's ambiguous attitude to physical disgust and is applied to the unlikely subject of an artist's life and ideas. The trilogy seeks to cover the complete spiritual life of the period. The farce and fantasy of this book could hardly be thicker, but it suffers (as the whole trilogy does) from an excess of loquacious imagination. Mr. Cary's wonderful appetite and invention cannot stop themselves. And we are never quite convinced that Gully Jimson, the raging old Bohemian crackpot, maddened by old age and in and out of every kind of roguery, is strong enough to sustain the theories of Blake which are splurged on the riotous pages. The saving thing in the book is Mr. Cary's continuous eye for picaresque circumstance and local character. Coker, the grim barmaid, always wronged by Nature, is a wonderful counterpart to Sara, now turned into a genial, boozing, humbugging and thieving old tart, lost in the raucous mythology of her memories and affections.

But Jimson—and this would be Mr. Cary's fundamental point—has faith. His starved broken body, his cracked mind, his immoral will, are ready to "go on" on their own. Guilt? Conscience? The devil? Sin? Between revelation and cunning, between holding his tongue and winking his eye and occasionally using his fists, this Protestant is sure he can get away with it and palm off a soiled soul. This crucial question of faith is gravely and explicitly treated in *To be a Pilgrim*, which suffers from an excess of commentary over incident, but which is an ambitious and important novel. Its object is to see the personal lives of a family over two generations, pre-1914 and post-1914, through the eyes of a man with strong political and religious intuitions. He is now an old, dying lawyer, an evangelical Protestant who believes "there is no rest for the soul except in the love of God and His Beauty and His justice, that man is condemned to be a pilgrim in an unexplored wilderness." A worried and solid old sinner who has been Sara's lover in his old age—she has been his housekeeper—he views in loneliness the rise of a hostile generation and fights tenaciously for self-interest and the old values. This novel is raised above the picaresque level of the other two by the complexity and seriousness of its moral conflicts, and it has the intricacy of reflected points of view. Mr. Cary is a master of movement back and forth in the novel. Through the unsteady mind of the angered old man he is able to put the past, the middling past and the present dramatically side by side; and the main business of the plot, which is to show the old man defending his property from the young whom he loves but disapproves of, enables him to keep the book firmly in the present. Old Wilcher's fight is sympathetically treated, for in his obdurate contempt for the free-loving and divorcing young, he has experience and time on his side. Mr. Wilcher's experience may be misleading, his beliefs may be reckless, irate, or irrelevant, but the character they come from has been toughened by introspection. He is a formidable and battered relic of property and faith; and it is all the better that he is an old lecher with romantic delusions, who has worried girls in the park.

An old man, of this moral interest, has not, I think, appeared in the English novel before, and certainly not in the novel of character. But Mr. Cary's achievement is to have done something to restore character to its lost place in the English novel. Here again, he has adapted. Character begins, for the novelist, where surprise begins, and Mr. Cary's surprises take the breath away. Mr. Wilcher's sister Lucy appears to be the conventional tomboy of the country house; suddenly she is converted to a vulgar hallelujahing sect, called the Benjamites, marries the womanising leader of it, plunges into religious masochism and makes a fierce spiritual life out of dreadful material. Edward, the brilliant political brother, rises the more he is ruined by debt and women, and fails as a Cabinet Minister in the Thirties because he is suddenly seduced by culture. The homely quarrelling Anglo-Indian couple begin as a pair of the conventional dullards of army life and end as comics. Amy's death, when she refuses the consolations of religion, is a wonderful scene ("I am going now, Tom. Yes, I think that's all—except oh yes—my summer dress at the cleaners"). The young alcoholics of the Twenties are, again, a surprise. And then, in the next generation, there is the trite niece, with her advanced ideas and her incompetence, who goes through her own

obstinate transformation. Surprise is the road into human nature or the road round it; its aim, in Mr. Cary's rehabilitation of character, is to make character round. His commentary itself is never journalistic; it comes from a man who thinks on his own.

That peculiar, almost animal detachment which the Anglo-Irish writers have had is at the bottom of Mr. Cary. I have space to refer only to his startling book on an Irish childhood—*House of Children*—which is a source for the understanding of his talent. It is one of the most perceptive and truthful books about childhood I have ever read, and contains one or two superb episodes. It is also a more restrained and more purely sensitive work than his rich and brothy novels, and it contains one passage which seems to describe his intoxicated talent. Even a shade of disillusion in his own cleverness:

> We were growing drunk with expectation, which was increasing all the time. For in us children it was pure passion and never checked itself for reason. It burned on its own fuel so that its size had no relation to its source; we were often in a fever for something so trifling that we had forgotten it before it arrived. All day one would live in the sense of something to come; it would be with one during lessons bathing, digging, meals, until at last, getting into bed, one would notice it particularly and say: But what am I expecting? Then one would discover that it had been doughnuts for tea, already eaten, but without any sense of fulfilment. The expectation had flowed over the fact as time runs over the apple flowers before one can grasp the spring.

In this dilated fever Mr. Cary has found himself swarming with people and things to write about.

V. S. PRITCHETT

TO CAVAFY, OF ALEXANDRIA

Greece, in this city, has faded since your death:
though your compatriots still sway
The *salons de thé*, live on pashas' paunches and
sweet teeth,
Whose pendulous women catch cake crumbs on
their bosom—
In the city of someone called Iskander.

In the blind Greek's bookshop, your old acquaintances still meet,
Out of the heat, in a litter of Cellophane, where
Forever Amber giggles in the Arab tongue.
They mention you often—
"Our T. S. Eliot"—and write unpublished essays
on you.
They know, they must know, their Cavafy (whom,
living, it was better not to know)—
In Alexandria, "where," you said, "it is difficult
to impress."

Society, you complained, was puritan: it made
the other love so hard,
Your reputation marred. Poor sinner! Far
greater scandals titillate the city now:
A higher highness, with every new convenience,
outdoes you
In "closed and scented rooms" along the guarded
coast.
And naked feet, unheard of in your verses, pad
Soter's shuttered streets: the blinded, angry Arab
Stabs for a right reason the wrong, the merely
"foreign" man—
In the land of Alexander, a soldier, called the
Great.

Greeks, Romans, French and British—
we all have helped to lose your city.
Her life is hanging by a cotton thread.

D. J. ENRIGHT

A YEAR OF REVOLUTION

Peking Diary. By DERK BODDE. *Cape*. 16*s*.

This day-to-day commentary (August, 1948 to August, 1949) covers the taking over of Peking by the Communists—as the people in the streets and the Academic gossip-groups saw it. The record is dedicated to the *Lao Pai Hsing* (old hundred names), the common people of China with whom Mr. Bodde's sympathies lie. He knows them well, and their language, and has the further advantage that he has long been a student of their history and their thought. This adds a certain balance to his observations, which are sober, canny and accurate: I was in Peking myself through the second half of the year following his departure (1950) and can witness that this is a true account. This is what was happening before the pressures of the Korean war took effect, and even through the first months of the war. Here is the fantastic mixture: anti-Anglo-American propaganda eagerly received, but with helpfulness and friendliness to the individual Anglo-American (curious how the *Anglo-* established itself from the start in this label); heartfelt, tear-sodden confessions and conversions, which are, at the same time, shrewdly opportune; government through education, with, for the unruly, an extra course in place of a prison sentence; thought-control quite irresistible, but with results in action and belief which are entirely voluntary. Mr. Bodde is as uncertain as I am whether "voluntary" there should be in quotes or not.

Here, too, are the outbursts—so new to China—of spontaneous public spirit: young soldiers of the People's Liberation Army putting back the great bronze incense-burners in the Pei Hai, overthrown by Kuomintang vandals, with three foreigners and some children only to watch and applaud: "As we did so I thought to myself: This is probably the first time in decades—perhaps in centuries—that a group of Chinese soldiers, undirected from above and with no expectation of gain or praise, have spontaneously performed an act requiring initiative, effort, ingenuity, and co-operation, simply in order to put to rights a monument belonging to the public." And here still is the old hold of the family spirit, as hard to fly out of as a honey-pot—the obstinacies of the matriarchs and the courage of the young girls.

These entries show very plainly the root reason (it was moral) why the Mandate of Heaven passed from the Soong Chiang Dynasty. Mr. Bodde is illuminating on the continuing influence of the Mandate theory: "It is succinctly expressed, in fact, in the very name for revolution, *Ko ming*, which literally means 'transferring the mandate.'" It never returns: "The Kuomintang is through. By its cupidity and corruption, cynicism and apathy, stupidity and inability to make contact with the common man, it has irrevocably forfeited that mass support it once enjoyed. And by the same token the Communists, displaying the reverse qualities, have succeded in capturing that support." Disinterestedness and rectitude, enthusiasm and devotion, intelligence and the common touch: these make a fine team of qualities. Mr. Bodde's instances prove that the new regime possessed them and a year later they were still being displayed on a scale which no old China hand who was not an eyewitness could readily credit. "The threat of force that underlies their moral blandishments," to use Mr. Bodde's discerning phrase, was still only a threat.

Where did a regeneration which filled not a few missionaries with dumb, heartaching envy come from? What suddenly made a Chinese start loving his neighbour? Marxism? Probably not. Mr. Bodde points out how un-Marxist Chinese Marxism is—in spite of a limitless profession of strict Marxist-Leninist orthodoxy. Mao Tse-Tung's revolution is based on the peasants and takes much of its character from them, not least through the earthy magic of its slogans. In the land distribution programme: "Their terminology was amusing. The haves were called 'mounds' and the have-nots 'holes.' 'Levelling the mounds' and 'filling up the holes' were the terms used to express the aim of the land programme." Poetry in action. "Simultaneously a campaign was launched to restore to cultivation the ancestral grave mounds that have taken from the farmer so much of his potentially arable land. . . . So much enthusiasm was generated that some of the peasants could hardly be restrained from surrendering land which they obviously were in no economic position to give up." Religion in action, clearly. No wonder that a quick-witted child whose parents are at Yenching University, ran home from his pre-Christmas Sunday School to ask, "Mummy, was there a new star in the sky when Mao was born?"

Mr. Bodde has sound evidence to give on most aspects of this incredible transformation. He notes too the feeling of helplessness in trying, back in America, to convey what he saw. The standard picture of Communism gets in the way there as much as the Communist picture of America shuts down on understanding in Peking. The world may blow up through tension created between two clouds of opinion-forming hot air. The *Lao Pai Hsing* and U.S. Citizenry could have such a good time together if they could get out from under the lies. Mr. Bodde, who is almost a type specimen of American fairmindedness (but he is informed and most others are not) has done his best here to help us all out.

DOROTHY E. PILLEY

REBEL AND PATRICIAN

My Picture Gallery, 1886-1901. By VISCOUNTESS MILNER. *Murray*. 20*s*.

Salt and His Circle. By STEPHEN WINSTEN. *Hutchinson*. 16*s*.

No period of English social history has been as fully documented as the last decades of the nineteenth century. Yet, even to-day, virgin enclaves remain and Lady Milner's reminiscences add a small but colourful piece to the late-Victorian

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jig-saw. If only all *grandes dames* would relate their life-stories with such simplicity and directness! Lady Milner's arrogance and charm, her splendid prejudices and insatiable appetite for life make her an attractive autobiographer. She reminds us frequently of Margot Asquith—with perhaps a dash of Meredith's Lady Charlotte Eglett—though, unlike Margot, she is not a subjective memoirist. Her book takes us into a vanished world of Paris ball dresses and home-grown grapes all the year round, a world in which one's four curates are asked to dinner on Christmas Day and the loudest, most characteristic, street noise in Cairo is still the trot-trot of the donkeys. Though she has much to tell us of the great world of the Nineties, Lady Milner's own personality remains the central mystery of her book. We watch the lovely girl of Noëmi Guillaume's portrait, the ardent young Francophile who sat at the feet of Degas, talked religion with Clemenceau and tore herself to shreds over Mounet-Sully's acting, turn gradually into the proconsular great lady who can write, "once you have seen Englishmen at work at their self-appointed great task, the dear Island itself seems very cramped." Such a transition from the mental climate of the Left Bank to that of the Victoria League provides a fascinating psychological enigma.

The daughter of a liberal and eccentric admiral, Violet Maxse was born in the cultural purple. As a girl she played in Kensington Gardens under the severe, majestic eye of Fanny Kemble. Oscar Wilde designed her party dresses, her first grown-up dinner was at the Matthew Arnolds' (where they talked folk-lore). Her earlier chapters—a formidable grandmother, Lady Pembroke slumming in a tiara, much bobbing and forelock-touching in the Home Counties—drag slightly, while the account of her girlhood in Paris is tantalisingly brief. "Days . . . of another kind, when I was taken to Rodin's studio, to Claude Monet's, to Mme Manet's house to see Manet's pictures or to see the Brothers Goncourt," were surely worth describing in more detail. Once she arrives at Dublin Castle, Miss Maxse gets into her stride. The langours of the Viceregal court dovetail into her engagement and marriage to Lord Edward Cecil. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt records, in a passage that Lady Milner might well have incorporated in her own narrative, that it was at this wedding that he found himself "flattened like a herring between Lord Salisbury and a tall Dutch clock."

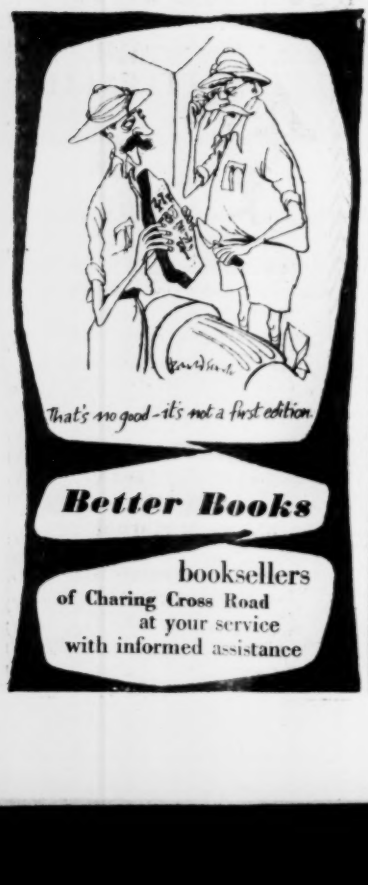
"Hatfield," the Prime Minister warned his future daughter-in-law, "is Gaza, the capital of Philistia." It was, in fact, a hyper-civilised and ultra-feudal matriarchy. Lady Milner's account of home life with the Cecils is an amusing pendant to Gwendolen Cecil's great biography. The miles of oak panelling scoured with beer and beeswax, the vast tenants' parties, the Foreign Office despatch boxes opened at the dinner-table—enlightened privilege has seldom been so sympathetically described. The conversation was scintillating but sterile, and Lady Milner notes the reason for this:

> The Cecils talked more for amusement than for the expression of opinion or for the probing of thought. They were all brilliant at scoring off their opponents and their jokes were first-class. But they did not want to find out what they thought, nor very much what other people thought . . . they knew what they thought on fundamentals. Their excellent brains were full of interest in scientific facts, historical research, political experiments, but they were certain that they had the key to all essentials and that this lay in the Anglican church.

This book contains good chapters based on Lord Edward's letters written while serving in the 1897 mission to Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia ("the country was quite beautiful, but the people they found without merit"), and a lively account of his wife's experiences during the Boer War. Throughout her memoirs, Lady Milner never conceals her dislike of the changes time has wrought in our manners and language: "The word 'hostess' used to mean a lady receiving her friends in her own home . . . now it appears to mean a young woman who is paid to take basins to air sick passengers in a plane." It is to be hoped that she will give this benighted generation a second volume.

Mr. Winsten's book, by contrast, is disappointing. Henry Salt was an attractive eccentric and rebel, an Eton master who turned Socialist, became a vegetarian, founded the humanitarian league, and won the friendship of Shaw, Edward Carpenter and Chesterton. ("Can you assure me," queried G.K.C., "that if I stay a few minutes longer, no elephant will be the worse for it?") Salt's own books—his *Memories of Bygone Eton* especially—have a pithy charm which Mr. Winsten has altogether failed to recapture. He has assembled a great deal of discursive information and related several amusing stories, but he has made the cardinal mistake of writing an intimate account of a man and a circle which he appears to have, discovered at secondhand, as a result of his friendship with Shaw. His book will have been worth while if it sends readers back to Salt's own writings.

JOHN RAYMOND



NEW NOVELS

Hangsaman. By SHIRLEY JACKSON. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Roast Pigeon. By JAMES CADELL. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Town. By CONRAD RICHTER. *Muller.* 15*s.*

Kimmic. By WALTER MARSDEN. *Wingate.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Castle of Argol. By JULIEN GRACQ. *Peter Owen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Objections to certain kinds of novels. The novel about adolescence: stupefyingly jejune. The novel about concentration camp victims, guilt of Germany, etc.: presumptuous, needs a Dostoievski. The novel about pioneering days in America: slice of official myth; authors always seem to be soliciting the Book Clubs. The novel about the industrial North: dim.

None of the first four novels under review contrives to dispel the objections that adhere to its class, to overcome the prejudice created by its own blurb, but they all have merits which are worth attention. The fifth novel, *The Castle of Argol*, is another cup of tea altogether; we shall get around to it in due course.

First, the novel about adolescence. It is a widespread ambition among American women writers to get The Difficult Age on to paper. What is it, they ask—with unanimous intensity—about seventeen-year-old girls? Why is it they have to rush out of the house the way they do, throw themselves in the long grass and cry? Why do they look at Mom with big frightened eyes and at Pop like they were going to throw up? It's especially odd because they're nearly always lucky, these queer girls, in their families—see for instance Miss Elizabeth Pollet's *A Family Romance* or Miss Victoria Lincoln's *Before the Swallow Dies.* Natalie's family, in *Hangsaman*, is a fair specimen. Her father is a writer, faintly distinguished, slightly alcoholic, moderately libidinous, mild-and-bitter; her mother a rather defeated, sub-hysterical, possessive lover. The brother is nothing in particular, just the universal Buddy. In short, quite an average family. One realises in retrospect that Miss Jackson, whose earlier book, a collection of short stories, was highly praised, must indeed have a good deal of skill to keep one reading about this painfully familiar situation up to the point when something really happens. This is when Natalie goes to College, and at the mysterious appearance of a girl called Tony. Then Miss Jackson has her readers hooked with a very odd bait indeed—a mixture of irritation, incredulity, and submission to the author's talent, which is, I think, both weird and thin, but genuine.

So far as I could make out what was happening, in view of some uncertainty as to whether Tony really had a separate corporeal existence or was in fact an *alter ego*, Natalie and Tony form an alliance, give up attending lectures and tutorials, behave in an unorthodox manner, and generally hell around. This at least is not so jejune as it sounds, since even although Miss Jackson's drumming on the note of the sinister reminds one of the Cambridge episodes of *Lions and Shadows* without their humour, she brings this curious force of her talent to bear, and one forgets, at any rate occasionally, its rather *voulu* strangeness. In the end Natalie apparently returns to the fold; what happens to Tony I am frankly at a loss to say. A deliberately queer novel, which a lot of readers will put down as soon as they reach Tony; those who go on are likely to be at least mildly impressed.

About *Roast Pigeon* there is nothing queer; for a book about post-war Germany it is extremely sensible. The material is familiar; a German released from Dachau returns to his home and watches, appalled, as the Nazi industrialists, with the connivance of the British, wriggle back into authority. He does not merely watch, nor do all the British connive, but his efforts, combined with those of Intelligence, can only hinder and cannot finally terminate the shameful process. Out of all this Mr. Cadell has produced something which might have been, but misses being, impressive. He writes on the whole well, and occasionally very well; his unobtrusive indignation gives the book dignity. Yet there is something not quite right about *Roast Pigeon*, a touch of glibness in producing the name of Dachau, other touches of shallowness and of dullness. Like other novels which deal with this subject it seems to me an attempt, not deliberate or unworthy, but immodest and ill-judged, to cash in on a majestic theme of suffering and injustice.

The Town is also familiar; soothing as a tablet of seconal, and with about the same amount of distinction. Yet this Pulitzer Prizewinner is in its way worth reading, and, with its affected but habit-forming biblical prose, it is also easy to read. It is a ceremonial glorification of the days of the frontier, a kind of ritual in prose. Mrs. Wheeler, middle-aged when the book opens, was one of the first settlers in Moonshine Church,

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which later becomes the town of Americus; she lives to be a piece of history. Naturally she sees many changes; that's what the book's about. The town grows; the children—Resolve, Guerdon, Huldah, Sooth, Dezia and the rest—grow up and marry. Empty of surprises, the book has a kind of empty enjoyableness; to get the most out of its celebrations of hardship it should be read in an overheated apartment, with the television on and a gentle soughing of the dish-washing machine in the background.

Kimmic is another homespun affair, being set in Lancashire, where they give this mysterious name to a slagheap. Mr. Marsden, whose last novel, *The Tares and the Wheat*, was an interesting, very cosmopolitan piece of work, has stuck rather grimly to his small town, and to the set of rather grim characters whose fortunes he follows. Wilfred Smethurst, his central character, is a copper's nark; wickedly observant, he is deaf, and at crucial moments is always either switching on or switching off his hearing aid. As a novelist's device this has considerable promise; it is tempting to think of the use that either Mr. Graham Greene or Mr. Nigel Balchin would have made of it. Its presence in Mr. Marsden's book, however, doesn't mean that *Kimmic* rises very often above a level of moderately interesting verisimilitude.

This cannot be said of *The Castle of Argol*, to which, as promised, we have now got around. M. Gracq is said by his publishers to be "an ardent admirer of Poe," and himself contributes a postscript to his book in which he declares his devotion to *The Castle of Otranto* and *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. *The Castle of Argol* is in fact a Gothick novel, a pastiche, and as a judgment of its literary value I should say that its overheated pretentiousness is only equalled by its chilling vapidity.

J. D. Scott

CRITICISM DOWN THE CENTURIES

English Literary Criticism : Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By J. W. H. Atkins. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

Criticism and the Nineteenth Century. By Geoffrey Tillotson. *Athlone Press.* 18*s.*

Milton Criticism, Selections from Four Centuries. Edited by James Thorpe. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

The eighteenth century produced not the most profound and original but certainly the most human and readable criticism in English literary history. To turn, for instance, in Mr. Thorpe's sketchy compilation from Johnson to Coleridge is to be aware of the collapse of a style. "Such was the *nidus*, or soil, which constituted, in the strict sense of the word, the circumstances of Milton's mind." It is Coleridge who is cumbrous and pedantic; Johnson, for all the Latin model of his rhetoric, who is plain and direct. But the important difference is one of tone rather than language. Johnson is always aware of the principles and the arguments on which his judgments are based. These are arguable even when they are wrong; *Lycidas* is the most beautiful poem of its length in the English language, but its beauty springs from the expression of a profound self-admiration and self-pity, and a passionately indignant egoism, with cold and consummate art. It is not true to ordinary life and feeling, but only to Milton's extremely individual and enclosed life and feeling. It lacks that human warmth and that general moral truth which Johnson took, and rightly, as his chief standards of literary excellence. It is a brilliant exception to a usually valid position, and with these eighteenth-century criticism was not qualified to deal. If Johnson's positions are defensible even when wrong, Coleridge on the other hand is an explorer; he works by groping and fumbling, he will discover new positions, but will not be ready to defend them. That accounts for his oracular shiftiness, for the shambling and evasive manner of so much of his prose. He deprived criticism of rules, and critics of props, and the loss is one which those of us who lack his genius still feel acutely.

There are other reasons why Professor Atkins's solid and useful book on this great period in English criticism should have a contemporary appeal beyond the classrooms. Our own age, for all its interest in bringing literature to the masses, has proved incapable of the lucid and brilliant popularisation of Addison's *Spectator* essays on *Paradise Lost*. One reason why Addison is so good is that he has such a firm series of pegs, *fable*, *manners*, *diction*, to hang his exposition on; another reason is that he assumes that there is an ideal pattern to which a poem of a certain kind ought to conform. Such pegs and such assumptions would be an enormous help to the contemporary reviewer of novels and poetry, who has, on the contrary, to consider every book before him as if it made its own rules and as if it were the only thing of its kind. The eighteenth-century approach could, of course, and did, lead to mechanical and pedantic criticism; yet the true history of the period, as Professor Atkins shows in fascinating detail, is one of a gradual breakaway from the more silly rigidities of French neo-classicism towards the broad, deep and human approach which is shown at its best, for instance, by Johnson's treatment of Shakespeare. There is rather a little too much of the lecturer's amplitude in Professor Atkins's manner ("that country which, under Louis XIV and Richelieu, had won unchallenged prestige, supreme in politics and in all spheres of intellectual activity"), but such rolling periods at least read easily and rapidly, and the reader finds himself making his own summary as he goes along. Professor Atkins's comments on individual authors and works are always judicious, if rarely provocative, his quotations are excellently chosen (even if the sources are sometimes essays by other professors, rather than the original works), and as a book to be referred to, rather than read, his history is likely to be permanently valuable.

Professor Tillotson, in his selection of essays on Victorian themes, has a more personal touch and a more conscious charm of style. His book betrays the scholar's specialised approach only in its occasional somewhat *voulu* enthusiasm over rather minor figures; that nobody has yet done a *really* thorough study of Wilkie Collins, for instance, is not likely to worry the rest of us much, unless perhaps we see a job in it for ourselves. Yet, on the whole, his enthusiasm is catholic rather than indiscriminate; and his selection of nineteenth-century touchstones—five-finger jewels by almost everyone from Wordsworth to Bradley, with *Punch* thrown in—does call up the rich, mixed, spicy flavour of an indigestible period very well. Yet here, as elsewhere in these graceful essays, we would often feel grateful for sharper and more analytic comment. One of Professor Tillotson's jewels is Thackeray's phrase about old Lady Kew, back in London, "tramping about in her grim pursuit of pleasure." It would have been worth noting that what "makes" this phrase is not the moralistic platitude of "grim" so much as the verve of "tramping" with its suggestion both of sturdy beggars and the indomitable march of Roman legions. Similarly, in the excellent essay on the young Newman as a critic of poetry, Professor Tillotson might have noted that, judging by the poems he admired, Newman, like many subtle and sensitive people to-day, could not tell the first-rate from the third- or fourth-rate in contemporary verse. Yet Professor Tillotson's gentle and considerate manner inspires confidence, perhaps, just because we feel that he holds such observations and such judgments, if they are really needed, in reserve. In a hurried and bitter age he takes his time both over the enjoyment of books (he makes a sensible and eloquent plea for "slow reading"), and over the communication of his enjoyment. This does sometimes make him seem a little cushioned-off from the world; he has range and sensitivity, and one feels that

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with a little more impatience, concentration and anxiety, he might become a major critic.

Mr. Thorpe deserves praise for the *idea* of a selection of Milton criticism down the centuries, but not for much else. Of early critics like Dennis and Richardson we are not given enough really to judge their quality. More modern things that I looked for and did not find included Dr. Leavis's famous essay from *Revaluations*, some extracts from Bridges's book on the metres, Empson on Milton and Bentley, Mr. Graves's ingenious hostile examination of *Lycidas* and Bagehot's admirable paragraph on the political case for Satan. Mr. Eliot is represented by his recent chary and somewhat pontifical recantation, not by his earlier oblique attacks. What there is, is mostly worth having and some of it (like Ransom's subtle but wordy essay on *Lycidas*) will be new to most English readers. But for a guinea there should have been much more; this is the sort of selection that is more amply, more cheaply, and more adequately done by Everyman or the World's Classics. Yet Mr. Thorpe will reap the benefit of being the first, so far as I know, in this field; and the publication of his book is, I suppose, a sign that Milton is once more back on the pedestal from which between the wars, according to Dr. Leavis, he had been so unfussily dislodged.

G. S. FRASER

ALPS IN RECOLLECTION

Mountains with a Difference. By GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18*s.*

In the summers before 1914, Geoffrey Young made a remarkable series of climbs in the Alps, discovering new, difficult and satisfying ways of reaching the tops of most of the classic peaks. In 1927 he published a record of these climbs, *On High Hills*, written in a highly idiosyncratic prose, in which the movements of the body up a steep ice-slope or rock-face were described in terms often borrowed from music or painting. Where adventure and discovery had been the dominant theme of the books by the first generation of Alpine climbers, harmony of movement was the note most often struck by Geoffrey Young. He was the æsthete of the sport, demanding elegance in the conception of a climb and, in its execution, the grace that is based on faultless technique. But between these great expeditions, and the book which recorded them, Geoffrey Young's own career as a top-flight climber had ended. In 1917 he was severely wounded on the Italian front, while serving with the Friends' Ambulance Unit, and his left leg had to be amputated. He went back to the Alps, on a peg-leg of his own design; astonishingly, he climbed them; but it had to be by the ordinary routes.

Now he has written his second book of climbs. He begins with Wales and Scotland early in the century, with the delightful days when Tryfan was not bristly with climbers every week-end, and with the friends who shared these days. These chapters reflect the intimacy, the specialised outlook of a group of close friends; some, even climbing readers, may feel a little lost in allusions and memories, rather outside the circle of the lamp-lit inn-room at Pen-y-Pass. But there is no such restriction of interest when we come to the chapters on the one-legged climbs. How *could* anyone climb at all with a metal peg? Here Mr. Young's heightened awareness of movement has served him very well in communicating the sensations of the one-legged man; and problems of balance, fatigue, the right use of the arms to help the legs, are considered humorously and objectively. He soon discovered that whereas on snow he now took five hours to cover ground he had formerly traversed in one, on rock the ratio was only three to one. So the Grépon and Matterhorn were sensible choices for two of his expeditions. The Matterhorn, too, had publicity value—not for himself, but for the idea that a one-legged man could overcome the inertia which was supposed to be inseparable from his condition. Fatigue, Mr. Young proved to his own satisfaction, certainly came on sooner than it used to, but was not cumulative. Short rests at frequent intervals kept it in check; it was no worse at the end of a long day than what a normal man would feel.

There is a deeper interest in the revelation of change in the climber himself. What drew Mr. Young back to high mountains was the hope of recapturing the peaks and pinnacles of pleasure that he had reached at the height of his powers. With fantastic determination, and with the help of a remarkable set of friends, he pursued this hope. But some part of him was always keeping the score: "I liked it more than I hated it," he says of one beastly passage, with his peg plunging at every step into soft snow. There were obviously many moments when the scales tipped the other way. Against the pleasure of moving well up the rocks of the Requin had to be set the misery of the descent when a screw in the leg worked loose and there was no spanner to tighten it: the elation of achievement—"once again, and still only upon human motive power, the way had been won to that transcendent height"—paid for by his knowledge of the strain on his companions. Dissatisfaction crystallised on the summit of the Zinalrothorn, in 1935. As he looked round, on the beautiful mountains which had given him so much all through his life, he knew he *should* feel the deepest emotion. But there was no response; and tired almost beyond endurance on the long moraine at nightfall, he worked out the reason. His enjoyment had depended on a two-way relation; the mountains offered their challenge of weather, rock and ice; the climber responded with all his skill, of observation and movement, and from this tension could be struck adventure and delight. Now much of his skill had gone; he had pegged up by sheer effort, and by the technique of others, and the effort obstructed the power of observation. It was high time to stop. It took great courage ever to undertake these one-legged climbs; and courage now to admit that, in a sense, the experiment had failed.

JANET ADAM SMITH

LLOYD GEORGE

Lloyd George. By THOMAS JONES. *Oxford University Press.* 21*s.*

Dr. Thomas Jones was assistant to Donald (now Lord) Hankey as Secretary of the War Cabinet when Lloyd George was Premier, and he remained in that uniquely advantageous observation post until 1930, when he became Secretary to the Pilgrim Trust. He was a University teacher and one of L.G.'s "discoveries". One wishes that more of his later discoveries had been equally happy! Together, the two could talk their native tongue, and one of the best of Tom Jones's stories turns on L.G.'s mischievous pleasure in being able to discuss with his Cabinet Secretary, in the living language of Wales, the embarrassment of Mr. de Valera and his Irish lieutenant when asked for the Irish word for the "Republic" which they had come to London to demand. If I am disappointed with Tom Jones's book it is in part because he misses the opportunity of putting on record the authentic version of this and many other L.G. stories which he has often told in private with a virtuosity and a mimicry only less superb than that of L.G. himself. In short, Dr. Jones has been too modest, too impersonal, too reticent.

It follows, since Dr. Jones has had no new body of documents on which to draw, that the most valuable part of this biography are the passages where he has trusted his memory and let himself go. I am particularly grateful for his personal description of how Lloyd George, with characteristic charm and gaiety, moved his official staff from tears to laughter when he left Downing Street in 1922; no one else in such circumstances would have thought of improvising a hypothetical

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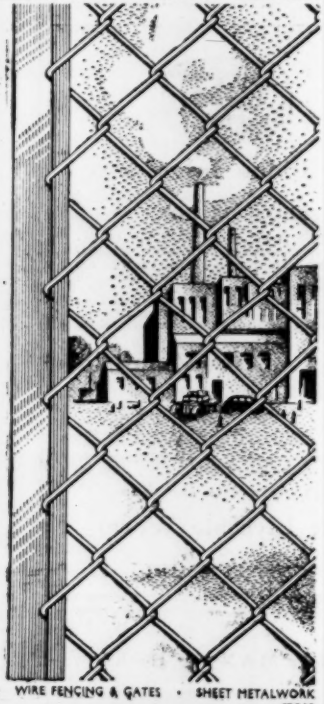
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interview with his aristocratic successors on the occasion of a Welsh deputation calling on the Prime Minister with Mr. Lloyd George, M.P., as its spokesman! Dr. Jones's account of L.G.'s qualities as war leader is particularly sensitive, and so is his appreciation of his place as an orator. Few leaders in history, on occasions of great difficulty and embarrassment, have been so astonishingly successful as L.G. in quieting a storm, or in converting a host of enemies into an audience of willing slaves. Dr. Jones quotes, by way of example, an imaginative passage which, he says, brought his audience to its feet in a frenzy of applause. It is easy to see why, even in cold print; no matter if it proves on examination to be only an iridescent purple patch containing a modicum of intellectual content.

The last chapter of this book excellently recalls L.G. in retirement; here is a photograph of L.G. as I best remember him; with his necromancer's cloak and silver locks flowing out behind him as he showed off, with immense pride, his acres of Cox's Orange trees laden with fruit, made possible, as he liked to explain, by the hundreds of tons of manure which he bought from the stables at Aldershot. (This, he would add, was the only use for a cavalry that he had ever been able to discover.) I used to think, as I heard him discuss politics, scarify Winston Churchill and laugh at the rest, that he was the *cleverest* human being born in this or perhaps any century. I use the word "clever" because, ludicrously inadequate as it is, it is not positively as misleading as most of the adjectives one could apply to him. J. M. Keynes was so impressed with his unique and contradictory characteristics that he exerted all his own superb literary gift in an effort to convey to future generations some impression of L.G.'s quality. It was not, he wrote "appropriate to apply to him the ordinary standards."

> How can I convey to the reader, who does not know him, any just impression of this extraordinary figure of our time, this syren, this goat-footed bard, this half-human visitor to our age, from the hag-ridden magic and enchanted woods of Celtic antiquity?

Perhaps it was because T.J. worked rather more closely on matters of daily routine that he does not see Lloyd George quite in this way. He could, if he wished, tell us more about the syren; but syrens are most effective at a certain distance. T.J., in daily contact, could resist without having his ears blocked or his arms tied to a mast. But I wish he had essayed to explain why so shrewd a contemporary as C. P. Scott fell for so long and so deeply under his spell. I should like to understand how it could happen that a Cabinet colleague of great independence of character, roused at last to what he regarded as a shocking example of L.G.'s trickery and ill-faith, could call upon the Prime Minister with the sole purpose of resigning and could find himself later in the street waking up, after an hour's conversation about other things, to the realisation that he had never mentioned the momentous reason for his visit. T.J. makes it clear that he was not under any such spell; his is a common-sense and detached appreciation of greatness. Though there are passages where I think he could well have been more frank than he is, he is throughout cool and critical. He is candid about the effects of L.G.'s personal disposal of the Liberal Fund: he is off-hand in his account of L.G. in the days of the Boer War and the Education controversy of 1902; he would have done well to devote much more space and detail to the Marconi scandal. He does not analyse L.G.'s effort to find good in the Nazis; his insistence that war without Soviet help was madness, and his final campaign for peace after the defeat of Poland which he had prophesied. He deals authoritatively with L.G.'s tremendous record as war leader, pointing out very justly that it was a psychological mistake on his part to suggest in his War Memoirs that he had been always and uniformly in the right. For the rest, the most useful part of the book is the excellent picture it gives of the best and most real of the many L.G.'s—the unique champion of the little man against the old ruling class, the founder of Britain's New Deal, the originator of the Welfare State in the Liberal Cabinet before the first World War.

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With the same dauntlessly appreciative eye Miss Jones has lingered by sea-fronts and bungalow reaches, in tattooists' parlours and cemeteries, before shop windows, revolving fairground horses, and Queen Mary's head on a clay pipe. The embossments of an ice-cream cone fascinate her, and she has tracked down popular horror not only to waxworks but to the dismembering (oddly known as "recovery") of the waxwork celebrity no more wanted; eyes and hands are put by for another time and person. Having discovered her object, whatever it may be, she comes at it, fairly bristling: with sketchbook, scribbling block, and camera. The result is an album of text and illustration, packed with curiosities.

Her discoveries are endless. There is the cockle-encrusted bus, with "Special" still visible on its front; the non-pareil of houseboats, *Astoria*, was built for Fred Karno in 1915 and contained marble-walled bathrooms; Potter's museum, at Bramber in Sussex, can boast a Wedding Group of seventeen stuffed kittens, dressed in silks, velvets and pearls; here is a china bazaar inside a whale's skeleton, there a hypnotic Turk's head signifies (in Scotland) a tobacconist; a little lighthouse shines over a grave, Italian villas in paste rise from the well-furnished dinner-table, and the barge interior reveals layer upon layer of paintings, lace-work, and plates. The more extravagant her *trouvaille*, the more scrupulous is Miss Jones's recording of it. This has a charm of its own. She draws beautifully when her collector's interest has been engaged.

Yet now and again in this quest among unsophisticated gauds (limited, by the way, very largely to the visual arts) one may scent a certain artificiality or equivocation of mood. Do the "superbs" and "beautifuls" sprinkled about mean just what they say? Isn't the avoidance of irony carefully calculated? Wherein lies the potency of that word "vernacular," already applied in kindred books on suburbia and pubs? Miss Jones seeks to draw a distinction between individual popular art, which is dying out, and mass-produced fashion. But then also, in one passage, she suggests that the raw machine-made ornament of to-day may in time extort a similar appreciation. At the root of this confusion there seems to be a sneaking hope that a thing, if it is popular, should possess some sort of vitality or charm.

It is rare fun, at any rate with Miss Jones, to pretend so.

G. W. STONIER

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knowledge of the insights derived by depth psychology, and it is the first merit of Mr. Symons's short critical biography, the latest addition to the English Novelists series, that its point of departure is Wilson's essay. Not that Mr. Symons has not much of his own to contribute. His interpretation of the character of Dickens in terms of Kraepelin's *Manic-Depressive Insanity and Paranoia* is fascinating and, as far as it goes, truly revealing; and his analysis of Dickens's visual sense, admirably illustrated by comparison with the film and with surrealist painting, is as good as anything that has been written on this aspect of the novelist. Inevitably, the main emphasis of the study is on the later Dickens, in whom a vision of life, comparable in its nightmare intensity to Dostoevsky's had displaced the earlier delight in humour for its own sake. Before long, it is clear, the young Dickens of *The Pickwick Papers* will have to be discovered again; but it was right, after the enormous influence of the views of Gissing and Chesterton, which are still echoed uncritically in most writings on Dickens, that the balance should be redressed. All in all, this little book must be considered the best short introduction to the greatest of English novelists that exists; indeed, it is so good that one hopes Mr. Symons will one day give us a full-length study.

The Art of Teaching. By GILBERT HIGHET. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Has the Grenfell-Potter atelier ever done a programme on *How to Teach*? If not, Professor Highet's thoroughly agreeable book offers them a quantity of ammunition. For he is concerned with the *how* of teaching, and has any number of funny and dismaying examples of the way in which the teacher's personality or methods of instruction can blight a subject. But the book is much more than a collection of cautionary tales, and though its author's touch is invariably light, his concern and love for education is everywhere apparent. Professor Highet is, in a sense, the "orthodox" teacher. He believes in "willpower" as well as "kindness"; he thinks that punishment (though not physical punishment) may sometimes be salutary; and he considers tradition to be an important asset in an educational establishment. He never suggests that knowledge can be imparted or absorbed without intellectual effort. Instead, he passes from a common-sense account of the mechanics of teaching to an inspiring discussion of great teachers and their pupils. For him, the problem of education is not how to coat a pill with so much sugar that it can be swallowed without difficulty, but to demonstrate there is no pill. Rather, there is an honest and satisfying dinner, to be approached with the blend of gravity and gusto that mark the true enthusiast. This book is addressed to teachers at all levels of education (not forgetting parents), and may with profit be read by them all.

African Morning. By R. O. HENNINGS. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

The camera has done better than Mr. Hennings: his pictures are as thrilling as his prose is not. Perhaps the best thing in this chatty account of a District Officer's life in the Great Rift Valley during the Thirties is a splendid African chant which opens thus:

> The Europeans playing golfu (*crooned Arap Rotich*)
> Ho! We saw them! (*joined in the others*)
> The Bwanas and the Memsahibs, Ho! we saw them! Playing golfu, Ho! We saw them!
> The Chariots of fire, Ho! We saw them. . . .

As a good District Officer, Mr. Hennings liked his Africans without, it seems, wondering very much what could or should become of them and their future. He conserves the air of paternal whimsicality which has distinguished the British (at least in their opinion) from other imperialist ventures in Africa. The Masai are definitely good chaps; and have a lot of fun. "And what agreeable people these simple folk are," writes the Governor of Kenya, Sir Philip Mitchell, in a foreword: "how like a breath of fresh clean air, in contrast with the fetid wickedness of Western civilisation gone putrid in the hands of wicked men!" One can't exactly ask them to dinner, you know, but at least they understand blood sports. Such paternalism carries Mr. Hennings along for over two hundred pages of disconnected anecdote: "As I sat waiting for him to bring the lorry back, I noticed two of the local girls, one of them a buxom young thing, regarding me fixedly and whispering to each other." A promising situation? No, no, just one of those funny things that Africans do. "It would be interesting," comments Mr. Hennings, "but I am afraid impossible, to find out what were their first impressions of the new District Officer." But the photographs are excellent.

French Country Cooking. By ELIZABETH DAVID. *Lehmann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A dinner cooked under Mrs. David's guidance will cost as much as a week's cigarettes or a couple of seats at a theatre—and it will be worth it. It is no good starting to use her book unless you follow her directions and possess nine saucepans, three kitchen knives, four frying pans, some earthenware casseroles, a fish-kettle, a moulinette, a mandoline, and a pestle and mortar. Also you must shop in Soho, according to her invaluable chapter on the Larder; as she points out, this can be done by post. Above all, you must possess an Aga or else be prepared to keep the gas oven on all day, whatever the fuel crisis. If you can fulfil all these conditions, and are prepared to devote all day to cooking dinner, you will no longer need to go to France in order to eat a three-star meal. Mrs. David's last book was on Mediterranean cooking; and in her new book Southern France predominates. Her best dishes are Provencal, Catalan or Basque, mostly oily and dependent on tomatoes. There is nothing from Normandy; this is no doubt a saving in butter. It is revealing that her fish section has only one recipe for herrings and none for cod, the great fish of the oceans. She is also weak on vegetables, as one would expect from Southern France, and uninteresting on eggs, except for *Pipérade*, the best egg dish in the world. But her soups are excellent, and her meat dishes the best that have appeared in English for many years. Usually one is lucky to get a single *daube*; here they are in profusion, from every part of Southern France and with every kind of meat. Town-dwellers think that people in the country lead a dull life; but no one can be dull who follows Mrs. David. He will be busy all day, and well-fed in the evening.

Sir Francis Drake. By JAMES WILLIAMSON. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Any book which Dr. Williamson cares to write about Elizabethan seamanship is bound to be well worth reading, and this little biography is no exception. It is the first volume in a series primarily addressed to the young, and that no doubt accounts for the book's main fault—an over-simplified and consequently monotonous style. The best of stories will lose its impetus if told, as this is, entirely in short sentences. Nor is the sketching-in of the background of the times always happy. The author goes to some pains, for instance, to justify Drake's piratical raids and to explain the state of mind which enabled Englishmen to engage without a qualm in the slave trade, but he does not take the same trouble over the cruelties of the Inquisition or over Alva's policy in the Netherlands. But these are niggling criticisms.

The narrative itself is scrupulously honest. The Spaniards are given full marks for their rapidity in learning from experience and for the courage with which they handled the Armada, and there is no attempt to gloss over the ineptitude with which Drake, his genius ebbing, bungled his two last expeditions. To Drake indeed full justice is done: no haze of romantic affection blurs the distinction between idiotic rashness and sublime courage. And every line of the work shows how intimately the author knows his Tudor ships and seamen.

In short, Dr. Williamson has achieved something rare in English historical writing—a work of impeccable and unostentatious scholarship, addressed to the general reader and written with lucidity and without pretension. It will serve equally well as a present for the romantic nephew or for the professorial uncle. If Collins can continue to persuade scholars of Dr. Williamson's eminence to turn their hands to this sort of work, they will render a great service to the public—and to the scholars.

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PERSONAL—continued

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Runaway Star : An Appreciation of Henry Adams. By ROBERT A. HUME. *Cumberlege.* 30*s.*

It is a pity that Henry Adams is not better known in this country. His lengthy history of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison—even in the recent two-volume condensation—may be of limited interest to English readers. But his autobiographical *Education* and his *Mont St. Michel and Chartres*, not to mention his brilliant letters, have surely a greater appeal. Mr. Hume's account is worth the attention of anyone who has become acquainted with Adams and would like to know more about him. It is a well-organised, carefully written book, a little pedestrian at times but never wearisomely so. After briefly outlining Adams's life, Mr. Hume discusses in turn each of Adams's books: his historical works, his two anonymous novels (Mrs. Humphry Ward made a remarkably perceptive guess at the authorship of *Democracy*, the first of these) and so on. Mr. Hume's critical judgments are sensible, and he resists the temptation to overpraise.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,131

Set by Gerald Giradot

Competitors are invited to compose an eight-line poem affecting indifference to the fact that the party they support has failed to win the election. Entries by November 6.

RESULT OF COMPETITION, No. 1,128

Set by A. G. Rochelle

The usual prizes are offered for a Dedicatory Poem (of a single stanza, in the form of *The Scholar Gipsy*) which might have been used in this number, entitled Autumn Books.

Report by A. G. Rochelle

Fine provender ; strong meat and tender herb
The proper forage for an autumn day—

wrote A. M. Sayers. These happy lines should have served as a text for the entries ; they did not. Adept at parody, invective, cynicism, satire, competitors were at a loss when required to be conciliatory, benign, inviting : to eschew the *double entendre*. A sorry business ! No wonder there are so few private patrons to-day. And then, what rich material stayed unexploited ! I have long suspected that readers of one section of the paper do not venture into another. The competition only confirmed how rigid were these frontiers ; I had set aside a handsome bonus for any competitor who, while conforming to the other conditions, showed evidence of having read the Book List *properly* ; it was not claimed. A hint came here and there, of course : Esther Malkin's

There's something new on Shelley, might amuse
The lecherous pedant ; while away the night,
And elevate the mind—

while Elaine Morgan (" . . . that Head, still Bodley but unbowed ") practised variations on the names of publishers. Prizes had ultimately to be awarded to those who kept in mind the purpose of the poem ; they are shared between those printed.

Go, Supplement, the Christmas book-trade calls ;
Go, Critics, scatter praise with careful hand !
No longer leave the wistful flock unfed,
Reduced to Penguins, and to second-hand.
Here is rich autumn fruitfulness outspread :
The traveller recalls,
Senile, his busy past ; with fretting labour
Forgotten lives are dug from lost MS,
First novels shine with transient hopefulness ;
And all is sped with gloom by Mr. Faber.

D. H.

O, gentle reader, you that have been bored
By great men on small matters and by those
That, knowing nothing, write extensive papers
On unkenned subjects ; or misuse their prose
To advertise their own facetious capers,
Come and survey this hoard,
Savour the fruits of English genius
And erudition ; here is cause to part
With well got pence ; history, science, art,
Philosophy and miscellaneous.

LESLIE PARRIS

Bibliophiles—this number is for you—
The turning leaves outdoors bring summer's close ;
But turning leaves indoors, on lamp-lit knee,
Can re-distil emotions felt by those
Who recollect them in tranquillity.
So now, as millers do,
Store up the grains of wisdom that you find.
Critics before you in the field have been
To winnow wit from chaff, that you may glean
A rich unending harvest for the mind.

JOYCE JOHNSON

Turn, Reader, from the buzz of politics
And gritty arguments of peace and war ;
As Nature turns, so should you turn the leaf,
And learn of the rich harvest here in store ;
Nor let your pleasure be alloyed with grief
That not one book in six
—Not one in sixty—will you e'er digest ;
The critics pass them all in stern review
That you may lightly sample what is new,
And save your appetite for what is best.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Here, to console for loss of summer joys,
The printed leaves of autumn softly fall :
Flowers of the mind their full fruition know,
And sedentary gardeners hear the call.
Through lettered meads the winds of wisdom blow
To sweeten their employs.
Banks of biography delight the eyes :
New-grafted fictions flaunt their painted lure ;
And in plain dress, deceptively demure,
Behold a wild, strong strain of verse arise.

ALLAN M. LAING

Here, like an orchard flaunting luscious fruits
provoking passing boys to climb its wall,
the Writer's autumn crop is now revealed
enticing us to library and stall
for what, we hope, will satisfaction yield
without port and cheroots :
art, music, travel, books for every purse ;
attractive plums, green apples yet unripe,
a peach to go with slippers and my pipe,
and, for the bed, a slender book of verse.

STANLEY UMPLEBY

CHESS : His Majesty's Opposition

No. 108

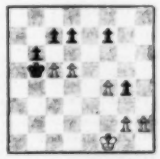
This has nothing to do with the election. Yet, in chess, just like in politics, the object of the Opposition is either to unseat the opponent or to achieve a mutually satisfactory compromise. It may be argued that here the analogy ends since in chess the struggle for the "opposition" is invariably a matter for the rival monarchs. But that is not so. Here—in a study by that great composer O. T. Blathy—we can watch a Queen and a Bishop fighting it out between them, a dour struggle and most instructive for studying that same principle of the "distant opposition," essential for grasping some of those simple-looking and yet so incredibly complex endgames with but a pawn or two left on either side. In Blathy's study—White to win—the first two moves are obvious enough. P-R6 must be answered by K-B1, and P-R7 by Q-R7. It is obvious too that the Q is condemned to sentry-duty on the QR file and that, after P-Kt3, she will be restricted to the three squares a1, a2, and a3 ; and it is no less obvious that, in order to win, the mobile B must stalemate the Q on QKt2, thereby forcing the Black K to move and to permit K-Kt7. It can be achieved like this.

(3) B-Q6	Q-R5	(8) B-B2 !	Q-R8
(4) B-K7	Q-R8	(9) B-K1 !	Q-R7
(5) B-R4	Q-R7	(10) B-Q2 !	Q-R6
(6) P-Kt3	Q-R6	(11) B-B3 !	Q-R7
(7) B-Kt3 !	Q-R7	(12) B-Kt2 ! !	

Note how the B had to obtain "distant opposition" by invariably entering the 1st, 2nd, or 3rd rank *after* the Q had done so. Precisely the same principle must be observed for grasping this instructive study by Dr. Neustadtl. White to draw. A complete analysis would require at least twice the space of this article, so readers had better find out for themselves why all the more obvious key-moves, such as K-Kt3, or K-R3, or K-B1 are bound to lose. The only way for White is to obtain the "distant opposition" by (1) K-R1, so as, after (1) . . . K-K7 to get real opposition by (2) K-Kt2. Should Black counter this by K-Q6 White's only chance again is to seize the "distant opposition" by (3) K-R3. Similarly, should Black try (1) . . . K-B8 White's only answer is (2) K-Kt1, so as to counter (2) . . . P-Kt5 by (3) K-Kt2.

A : Grigoriev 1923

B : Troitzky



For this week's competition it seems only fitting to have a couple of P-endings. As for **A** this should be well worth 7 ladder points, even with the hint that White, in order to draw, might do well to bear the subject of this article in mind. As for **B** this should hardly be over-rated with 8 points even if I add the useful hint that this piece—White to win—is not so much concerned with the King's quest for opposition as with his duties as a pawn-catcher.

Usual prizes. Entries by November 5.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set October 6

A : (1) Kt-K7 ch, K-R1 (2) Q x P ch, K x Q, (3) R-R1 ch, B-R4 mate.
In the mate envisaged White overlooked the pin of the Kt.
B : (1) Q-K8, Q-QB4, (2) Q-Q8 ch, Q-Kt4, (3) Q-Kt6, Q-Kt2 (4) Q-QR8, Q-Kt3, (5) Q-K1 ch, K-Kt4, (6) Q-K5 ch, K-R5 (7) Q-K7 ch, etc.
(If (1) . . . Q-QR4, (2) Q-K7 ch, B-Kt4, (3) Q-R7 ch, etc.
C : (1) P-R7, P-K7, (2) K-B2, P-R7, (3) P-R8(B !), K-Q5 (4) Kt-Q3, etc.
Q-promotion, of course, leads to stalemate.

Some competitors dropped a point or two by failing to see every subtlety of **B**, and some were completely stumped either by this or by **C**. Even so I received over a score of perfectly flawless solutions. Prizes shared by S. Miller, P. B. Sarson, A. Schneider, J. E. Scott, F. Selander. ASSIAC

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment to the Chair of Physical Chemistry. Salary will be at the rate of £2,000 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at present £122 (Australian) per annum). There is a normal retirement provision on the lines of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities and, in addition, a pension of £400 (Australian) per annum upon retirement after the age of 60 years. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Professor R. J. W. Le Fevre is Professor of Chemistry and Head of the Chemistry School. A Chair of Organic Chemistry is being currently advertised. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is November 12, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Director, Public Health Bacteriological Laboratory. Candidates should hold a registered medical degree and have experience in diagnostic Bacteriology and Epidemiology. The appointment carries the status of Associate Professor, salary range £A1,250–£A1,600 per annum, plus £A138 cost of living allowance, subject to superannuation contributions. The appointee will have charge of the Public Health Laboratory under the direction of the Professor of Bacteriology, which is incorporated in the University Department of Bacteriology. In addition to routine duties there is ample scope for research and teaching. The post will be vacant early in March, 1952. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is November 30, 1951.

CANTERBURY University College, Christchurch, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in History or in Political Science. The salary is at the rate of £800 per annum (N.Z. currency), rising to £950. (Annual increments will be at the rate of £50.) Applicants should possess a good Honours Degree in History, Political Science, or an allied subject. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is November 17, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Classics. Salary range £A895/£A1,020 p.a. plus cost of living allowance (at present £A114 10s. p.a.). It is essential that applicants possess an Honours degree and be qualified to give instruction and to do examining work in both Latin and Greek. Further qualifications in Ancient History will be an advantage. Conditions of appointment and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. Applications close on November 24, 1951.

CANBERRA University College, Australia. Application are invited for appointment to the post of Lecturer in Law. The salary scale for a lecturer is £650–£1,050 p.a. (Australian currency). Point of entry will be in accordance with experience and qualifications. Salary is subject to adjustment for cost of living, etc. (at present an additional £72 p.a.) and progresses by annual increments of £40. Further particulars and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is November 12, 1951.

BRISTOL Council of Social Service (Inc.) invites applications for the post of General Secretary. Candidates should have had wide social service exper., and University degree. Commencing salary not less than £750. Further partics. on request. Applies. to Chairman, Bristol Council of Social Service, 4 Berkeley Sq., Bristol 8, by Nov. 15.

DERBYSHIRE County Council. County Welfare Committee. Applications are invited for appointment of Matron at Clay Cross Hall, Clay Cross, shortly to be opened as Residential Home for 26 elderly people of both sexes. Salary £292 × £15 × £337 plus full residential emoluments valued at £193 per annum. Appointment is subject to provisions of Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Application Forms obtainable from County Welfare Officer, County Offices, St. Mary's Gate, Derby, should be returned with copies of two testimonials immediately.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

MINISTRY of Education, H.M. Inspectors. Applications are invited from men and women for posts as H.M. Inspector. Candidates, who should preferably be under 50 on December 31, 1951, should normally possess good educational qualifications and experience in Adult Education. Applications will be specially welcomed from candidates who have qualifications in Economics, Philosophy and Psychology. The posts, which are permanent and pensionable, carry a salary scale for the London area of £1,000 × £40—£1,200 × £50—£1,525 (Man), £900 × £30—£990 × £40—£1,190 × £50—£1,355 (Woman). (A number of posts of special responsibility carry a £100 pensionable allowance; and Inspectors are eligible for promotion to certain higher grades.) The salaries of Inspectors working outside the London area are slightly lower at all points. In special cases successful candidates may be appointed at a point above the salary above the minimum. Further particulars, together with an application form, may be obtained on written request to The Secretary (Inspectors' Section), Ministry of Education, Curzon Street, London, W.1. The closing date for applications will be January 31, 1952.

AMENDED.—Senior Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers: The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1951. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1951, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second-class honours in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must, in addition, have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1951 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1951; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class), on August 1, 1951. London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers (men), £750–£950; (women) £625–£850; Scientific Officers (men), £405–£650; (women) £400–£525. Somewhat lower rates in provinces. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3399.

WILTSHIRE County Council. Applications are invited from women for post of Child Care Officer. Duties include boarding out, adoption, child life protection and some Court work. Salary £470 to £515. Completion of Home Office course in Child Care or degree or diploma in Social Science desirable. Superannuable appointment. Candidates must be able to drive car. Application forms from Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable as soon as possible. Canvassing disqualifies.

WILTSHIRE County Council Children's Department. Children's Home, "Kingsmoor," Box, Nr. Chippenham. Applications are invited for the joint appointment of Resident Superintendent and Matron (House Father and Mother) at this Home for 14 to 16 boys and girls. Pleasantly situated between Chippenham and Bath. Opened 2 years ago and run on modern lines. Salaries:—Superintendent—£292 × £15 to £337 per annum. Matron £282 × £15 to £307 per annum. Emoluments valued at £193 each. Further particulars and application forms from undersigned at County Hall, Trowbridge. P. A. Selborne Stringer, Clerk of the Council.

MIDDLESEX County Council Children's Dept. Housefather & Housemother (married couple) req., at Children's Reception Centre, Willesden, N.W.10. Good experience in residential work with children, genuine understanding of all aspects of children's needs and development, preferably with completed training under Central Training Council in Child Care. Wages (under review) Housefather 141s. p.w.; Housemother 115s. p.w. less 25s. each case for board and residence. Established; subject to medical assessment and prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. f'cap env.) from Children's Officer, 10 St. George St., S.W.1, to be returned within 14 days (quoting J.992 N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

APPLICATIONS are invited from university graduates with knowledge of social work for the position of Social Studies Tutor at Princess Alice College, Sutton Coldfield. This is a small, mixed residential College for Child Care workers, recognised by the Home Office. The salary will depend on experience but the generally accepted scale is £550–£720 p.a. House available. Apply to the Principal for application form and details.

AT your service for introductions to secretarial posts in Central London. Call and see Miss Topham, Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7579.

BOOKBINDER (lady), to Physician, some reception work. Write for details giving exp. & salary desired. Box 6677.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

NOTTINGHAM. Co-operative Society, Ltd., invites applications for the position of Public Relations and Education Officer. Applicants should have practical experience of market research, publicity and Press work, adult education, and the organisation of educational and propaganda activities; and be able to produce the necessary professional qualifications. Salary in accordance with N.U.C.O. scale of wages. Superannuation scheme, with transfer clauses, in operation. The last date for receiving applications is Saturday, November 10, 1951. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from Managing Secretary, Nottingham Co-operative Society, Ltd., Upper Parliament Street, Nottingham.

REQUIRED for January 1, 1952, Lady Principal for Shortwood Training College, Jamaica, B.W.I. The College is maintained by the Government of Jamaica and accommodates about 60 women students who are trained as teachers. Applicant should be a University Graduate specially qualified to lecture in Education and English and with experience in a residential college. Salary £800 per year with residence, board and laundry. The post is pensionable. Ocean passage paid to Kingston, Jamaica. Apply immediately, stating qualifications and experience and enclosing copies of testimonials, to: The Secretary, Shortwood College, Constant Spring P.O., Jamaica, B.W.I.

ASSISTANT (male or female) required in Stoke Newington Borough Council's People's Advice Service. Experience in case work desirable. Knowledge of shorthand, typing and office routine essential. Salary grade A.P.T.I. (£440 × £15—£485 per annum) plus London "Weighting." Applications on forms supplied returnable to Town Clerk, Town Hall, Stoke Newington, N.16, by November 10, 1951.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required to work in the Child Guidance Clinics (Hill End and Watford). Salary in accordance with the National Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) Reports. Ability to drive a car essential. Applications, stating age and experience with copies of testimonials, should be sent to the Medical Superintendent, Hill End Hospital, St. Albans.

NATIONAL Union of Students require a General Manager for their rapidly developing Travel Department: activities include student tours, work camps abroad, air charter schemes, student exchanges as well as individual travel arrangements; wide experience in travel agency work and good administrative ability essential. Commencing salary £550 to £700. Write full particulars to: General Sec., N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

NATIONAL Union of Students require Organiser to take full charge of Vacation Work Department including organisation of Farm Camps: some experience in office administration and staff control and an ability to make personal contacts, essential; salary scale £400–£460. Write full particulars to: General Sec., N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

THE Jewish Blind Society has the following vacancies: Occupational Therapist, whose main duties would be at the Society's Dorking Home but who would also be expected to run classes at the Society's Clubs in London. Living-in staff, preferably with nursing experience, for the Society's Homes in Dorking and Margate. Applications to Secretary, 1 Craven Hill, W.2.

ORGANISER for Workers' Educational Association, North of Scotland. Must have exp. in, organising and knowledge of W.E.A. work. Salary £400 p.a. Apply W.E.A., 24 Adelphi, Aberdeen, by Nov. 10.

THE Stepney Jewish Club and Settlement requires a young resident House-keeper, willing to give some assistance in childrens' and girls' clubs. Applicant need not be experienced provided she is practical, methodical and interested in community life and social work. Apply in writing, giving particulars of age, experience, etc., to the Warden, Besumont Hall, Besumont Grove, E.1.

ASSISTANT Matron wanted for small Children's Home in Sydenham. Institutional exper. essential. Apply for details to L. H. M., 5 Hanway Place, Oxford St., W.1.

RQD. Res. Asst. to Matron, three others employed. Com. sal. £150 to £170. Some nursing exper. pref. Full partics. to Matron, Residential School for Jewish Deaf Children, 101 Nightingale Lane, S.W.12. BAT. 3833.

QUALIFIED Junior Class Teacher for Boys and Girls (about 8 years) for recognised co-educational London day school. Non-resident. Burnham Scale. General subjects, games, arts and crafts. Apply Box 6711.

NORTHERN Ireland, Londonderry High School. Required for January, 1952, fully qualified Mistress for Games and Gymnastics. Suitable candidates from Great Britain may receive a bonus towards travelling expenses. Apply at once to the Head Mistress.

EDUCATED woman offered temp. post. Light duties small internat. guest house. Cig. but no rough work. Lond. Box 6750.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

CAN anyone offer interesting progressive post to enterprising young woman, 28, just graduated B.Sc.Econ. (Honours); some secretarial experience? Box 6569.

CAPABLE woman, wide interests, seeks interesting work. Suggestions? Box 6484.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—*continued*

MALE, 22, commercial clerk, seeks more satisfying work. Willing undergo training period. Intstd. social problems. Box 6575.

EXPD. nurse, secretarial and linguistic ability, 1½ yrs. lang. position. Reception/st. medical sec. Suggestions welc. Box 6578.

LADY (25), B.A., Hons. History, shd. typing, secretl. exp., wks. post. Box 6275.

MALE, 30, engaged in putting up cost of living, wks. useful employment. Exptd. commerce/editorial, etc. Box 6467.

LADY seeks position, fully conversant Advertisement Department work, or secretarial, shorthand-typing. Capable, used to responsibility. Box 6439.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY 0467. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

TO let: very well-furnished large single room in quiet journalist's flat. All conv. Phone HAM. 0793 after 8 p.m.

PLEASANT furnished flat to let. 2 rooms, kitchen, share bathroom, 3gns. p.w. N.8. Box 6721.

ST. John's Wood: bed.-sit. mod. block, c.h.w., part use kitchen, for preggrad. or prof. man. Tel. CUN. 9379 after 7 p.m.

FURNISHED rooms available with breakfast in Guest House, (Kensington district.) Very central position, opposite underground station. Some central heating. Single 17s. 6d., double 14s. 6d. O'Callaghan, 205 Earls Court Rd., Kensington, London, S.W.5.

ACCOMMODATION offered to like-minded by Socialist contemplating buying a house in or near London. Box 6731.

HAMPSTEAD, large room, share amenities one occupant; or might let whole pleasant furn. flat, 3 rooms, etc. Box 6753.

HAMPSTEAD (W. Heath): Colourful bed-sitting room, c.h., £3 3s. (inc. light), half-share studio and gdn. 10s. p.w. extra. Considerate but share bathr. & W.C. Box 6748.

SINGLE furn. room to let. Business lady. Thompson, 68 Cromwell Ave., Highgate, N.6. (Call Evgs. only.) MOU. 1145.

GARDEN flat, N.W.8, furn., 2 rooms, kitchen, bathrooms; suit 2 people. No children, no animals. 6gns. Box 6589.

REALLY well-furn. large quiet single room. Linen, service, bath, tel., cooking. Close to Swiss Cottage. PRI. 9031.

PART furn. 2 rooms (one a kit. dining rm.) 2nd fl. Use bathrm. Own tel. Bus. /prof. woman pref., not week-days. BAY. 5787.

CORNWALL. 5-bedroomed house available near Padstow, from now to end of April, 52. 14gns. p.w. Furn. Write Richard Miles, 35 Chesterton Rd., London, W.10.

HOME offered to retired couple in pleasant house. Garden, country walks, easy reach London. 4½gns. each. Box 6534.

PROFESSIONAL woman offers attractive bed-sitting room in comfortable well-run house with lovely garden. Own telephone extension, very partial board 4gns. Full board & garage extra. 10 mins. Purley Oaks & Sanderstead Stns. London 1hr. Phone after 8 p.m. or at weekend: Sanderstead 1311.

COUPLE, univ. student & schoolteacher, 2-yr.-old daughter, seek unf. Lond. flat, mod. rent. Information/offers, Box 6366.

FIVE-room unfurnished flat, c.h.w. & c.h., required in London. Must be quiet. Box 6540.

ARTIST regs. cheap rooms, barn/other premises. Within 50 mls. London. Box 6452.

TWO brothers with wives urgently need unfurn. 4-roomed flat up to £6 wkly. West London. Box 6565.

RIVERSE migration. Young New Zealand couple, settling in London, require flat or other living quarters at moderate rent. Can anyone assist? Reply Box 6308.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Steinway Baby Grand, as new, offers?; Erard Short Grand Piano, £120/offers; Electric Gramophone with repeater, earphones for Linguaphone; Rayleigh Tennis racquet, almost new—best offer; Microscope by Leitz, 2 Eye Pieces, 3 objectives, 1/8, 1/3, 1.12 O.E. by Zeiss, fine case, medical slides, G.P.; Persian Rug 9ft. 6in. × 3ft. 4in., £13 10s.; another 5ft. 6in. × 3ft. 2in., £12 12s.; Shirvan small Carpet, 8ft. 10in. × 4ft. 3in., £24, all attractive, good condition; Cello, with bow and case, offers; Baffle Board Murphy A.C. (owner moved D.C.); Unworn Tails, Dinner and Morning Suits, hand-tailored, superb quality, chest 38in., inside trouser 29in.; Caravan Home, complete, very reduced £340 (carries £150 deposit).

WANTED: "From South to North through Mazoteland," by Major Gibbons, A. St. K., 1904, 2 vols.; Wright: Old German Primer; New Chambers's Encyclopædia; Mee's "I See All," 5 vols.; "Horizon," sets or odds; London B.Sc. Gown.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 1½d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Tues. next & Evs. 7.0. World Premiere "Third Person." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "The Hawthorn Grove," a Russian Comedy, Weds.-Sun. 7.30. Mems. only.

"THE Way of the World" (Congreve); Tavistock Repertory Company open season with public performances Oct. 31, Nov. 1, 7.30 p.m., at Rudolf Steiner Hall, 33 Park Rd., nr. Baker St. Stn. Tickets: 6s., 4s., 2s. 6d.; treas. Tav. Rep. Co., Christchurch Studio, Albany St., N.W.1.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Oct. 28: Marx Bros. in "Duck Soup" (U). From Oct. 29: Magnani in Rossellini's "The Miracle" (A-London); "I Know Where I'm Going" (U).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Oct. 28, 7.30. "Sciuscia" (A) (Italian).

HAMPSTEAD Film Society (PRI. 1598) presents Negro films & "That Others May Live," Thurs., Nov. 1, Hampstead Town Hall, 7.45 p.m. Members & guests only.

UNIQUE Guitar Soirée, Sun., Oct. 28, 6.30 p.m., at Mayfairia House, 32 Bryanston St., W.1 (1 min. Marble Arch). Philharmonic Soc. of Guitarists presents its radio and television artists, Julian Bream, guitar, Gavall, guitar singer, Victoria Kingsley, songs to her guitar. Programme will consist of guitar solos, duets, quartets and trios with strings, songs to the guitar & flamenco. Reserve tickets (5s.) with Hon. Sec., Miss Vollers, 16 Elwill Way, Beckenham. BEC. 2742 after 8 p.m.

CHINESE music, traditional and modern, on recordings, intro. R. Lloyd, Conway Hall, Holborn. Fri., Nov. 2, 7.30. 1s. 6d. Britain China Fr. Ass., Workers Mus. Ass.

ST. MARYLEBONE Church, W.1. The Renaissance Singers directed by Michael Howard. Music by John Taverner. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 3.30 p.m., "Plays Songs & Mass and Motets. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 3.30 p.m., "O Michael" Mass and Te Deum. Introduced by Denis Stevens.

FIONA Greig, pianist. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Thurs. next, 7.30. Beethoven and Schubert Sonatas, Chen and 24 Preludes. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., at door. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Choveaux.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council. Hallowe'en Party, Wednesday, Oct. 31, at Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3. (8.30-12.30). 3s.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League, 27, L.B. Dance, Sat., Oct. 27, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tickets 4s.

INTERNATIONAL Youth Centre welcomes you to a Social, 13 Chelsea Embankment (49 Bus Albert Bridge). 8 p.m., Oct. 28. 2s.

EXHIBITIONS

ZWEMMER Gallery. Ganymed Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints, and First Showing of Ganymed Collographs by Henry Moore. 10-6 daily, inc. Sats., until Oct. 27, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. (Near Cambridge Circus.)

ENGLISH Landscape Gardening of the 18th and early 19th centuries. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till Oct. 31. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission free.

WILLIAM Dobson, An Arts Council Exhibition. The Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 11. Wkdays, 10-6, Suns. 2-6. Adm. free.

IRVING Gallery, Irving St., Leicester Sq. English Drawings and Book Illustrations. Until Nov. 3.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1. Recent paintings by Pic, and Pen & Ink Drawings by "Scottie" Wilson.

SCANDINAVIAN Design for Living. An Exhibn. of new furniture and furnishings from Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Finland. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Crt. Rd., W.1.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. William Nicholson and Josef Herman. Last week.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. Recent Paintings by Eileen Agar. Drawings by Sigmund Pollitzer. Until November 3.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. New Paintings by Keith Vaughan and Marevna. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

BERKELEY Galls., 20 Davies St., W.1. Celadon Pottery & Porcelain by J. Walford.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St. Henri Laurens, Sculptures, Drawings, Prints. First Exhibition in England. Week-days 10-5, Saturdays 10-1.

PICASSO. Institute of Contemporary Art Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon. to Sat. 10-6.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

DISCUSSION on New Soviet Music at the request of Union of Soviet Composers. Opener: Malcolm Rayment. Preceded by tape-recital of Khatchaturky's Violin Concerto, Shostakovich's Song of the Forests. Mon., Oct. 29, 7.45 (Coffee from 7.15), SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

BUDDHIST Society, Caxton Hall, Victoria St., S.W.1. Public Lecture, Wed., Oct. 31, 6.30. "The Spirit of Zen in Buddhism," Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Science in the study of Administration" will be delivered by Professor W. J. M. Mackenzie (Manchester) at 5 p.m. on November 5 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

KINGSLEY Martin in Manchester. Nov. 1, 7.30. Milton Hall, Deansgate. Adm. free. "The New Govt. and Foreign Affairs." Res. seats 1s., from Hon. Sec., M'ter Fabian Soc., 28 Brentwood Rd., Swinton.

WORLD Chess Championship, Moscow, 1951. Eye-witness account and demonstration of selected games by R. G. Wade. Thurs., Nov. 1, 7.30. Adm. 1s. (members 6d.). S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq. W.8.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Oct. 31, 7.30, at St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Recent Developments in Socialist Thinking." Donald Chapman (Gen. Secy. of Fabian Socy.). Adm. 1s. 6d.

MOSCOW Mission, by Kathleen Lonsdale; Chair: Benn Levy. 57 Dean St., Shaftesbury Ave. Nov. 2, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. 6d. Annual Dinner (Nov. 17): Compton Mackenzie (City Lit., Nov. 30); Jacques Barzun, author of "Berlioz" (Dec. 18). Shaw Soc., 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18. 1-yr. sub. 7s. 6d.

THE Passfield Trustees announce The Second Webb Memorial Lecture, on "The Development of Socialism during the past Fifty Years," by Professor G. D. H. Cole, M.A. Tuesday, October 30, 1951, at 5 p.m. in the William Beveridge Hall, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. The Chair will be taken by R. C. E. Enson, M.A. Admission free, without ticket.

CELEBRATE the 34th Anniversary of the U.S.S.R., Empress Hall, Earls Court, 3 p.m., Sunday, November 11. Dean of Canterbury, S. O. Davies, Harry Pollitt, distinguished Soviet visitors, Red Army Band. Presentation of Declaration of Friendship from London to Moscow. Tickets 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s. 6d. (5% disc. on block bookings of 20 or more) from Educ. C'tee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer Street, E.C.1.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Important Lecture. Manufactured goods we send Poland help our export drive. Eggs and bacon from Poland help our food problem. Gordon Schaffer speaks on "Britain's Trade with Poland." Fri., Oct. 26, 7.45 p.m. All welcome.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Nov. 3 at 6 p.m. Dr. J. M. Eylaud (Alliance Française), "L'ivresse et l'art vus par un médecin."

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Carreno Exhibn. : Pelaeno. Oct. 30: Soirée at Tate Gallery. Nov. 1: Public View Discussion on Exhibn. Cecil Collins, Patrick Heron. Nov. 2: Steve Race "Jazz 1951."

CELEBRATION of Czechoslovak National Day at 20 Peter St., S.W.1. Tues., Oct. 30, 7.45 p.m. Address by H.E. the Czechoslovak Ambassador, followed by a full cultural programme. Adm. free. All welcome. Org. by British-Czechoslovak Friendship League.

ANTIQUARIAN Booksellers' Association Annual Lecture, Thurs., Nov. 1, 6.30. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Michael Sadleir: "Extracts from Case-History of Bibliomaniac." Tickets 2s. 6d. from 15 Orange Street, W.C.2.

SOIREE at Tate Gallery, Oct. 30, for members of Institute of Contemporary Arts. One evening in varied programme of lectures, discussions, etc. Membership 2gns. p.a. Enquiries 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

"RELATIONS between Great Britain and Israel." Lecture by Mr. John Connell of the "Evening News" to be given at 8.15 p.m. at the Anglo-Israel Association, 13 Manefield St., W.1, on Wed., Oct. 31. Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Oct. 28: Geo. E. O'Dell, "Ethical Aspects of Friendship." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Oct. 28: Three Lines of Human Evolution.

FARM Street Church, W.1 (Entrance also in Mount St.). Conferences on, "The Catholic Church and Freedom of the Mind," by F. Copleston, S.J. Wed., Oct. 31, 6.30, "The Catholic Church and Politics."

CONFERENCE on "The Comprehensive School." Saturday, Nov. 3, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. 3-5 p.m. Inside the School; 6-8 p.m. The Social Context. Admission free. Details and speakers from the Ethical Union, 4a Inverness Place, W.2.

"THE Power of Silence." Kenneth Richmond, Ph.D. Sun., October 28, 7, Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m. Oct. 30: "Great Teachers." All welcome.

"BEHIND the Lines in Occupied France." A lecture will be given by Capt. Peter Churchill, D.S.O., Croix de Guerre, for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Oct. 29, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ALL Nations Social Club, "Modern Astrology" by Margaret E. Hone, Vice-Principal of the Faculty of Astrological Studies and author of "The Modern Textbook of Astrology." Thurs. Nov. 1, at 8 p.m. Questions and discussion. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1. (Behind Cumberland Hotel.) Non-members 2s. at door.

VIRGINIA Flemming, "Education in a Planned Society." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2. Sun. Oct. 28, 11 a.m.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Oct. 30, M. Beddow Bayly, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., "The Problem of Vivisection." Adm. free. Collection.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled "Theory and Practice in the Work of Leonardo da Vinci" will be delivered by Professor L. H. Heydenreich (Director, Central Institute of Art History, Munich) at 5.30 p.m. on November 2, 5 and 9, at University of London: Senate House (entrance from Malet Street or Russell Square, W.C.1.). Adm. free, without ticket.

ST. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. (GER. 5007.) Autumn Lecture Course: 6.30 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. Mondays: Church and Theatre. Thursdays: Time and Christian Man. Mon., Oct. 29, Miss Dorothy L. Sayers. Thurs., Nov. 1, Professor John Marsh (Biblical Time).

"EDUCATION—For What?" Week-end Conference arranged by Progressive League, Nov. 9-11, at Arnold House, Brighton. Willis Dixon: "A Survey of the Present Position—with Thoughts for the Future." Dr. G. S. Prince: "Parent and Child in Relation to Education." Dr. John Cohen: "The Social Psychology of Childhood." A. Barclay Russell: "The Importance of Art to the Child, to the Adult and to the Community." James Hemming: "The Relationship of the Experimental and State Schools." Fees from £2 7s. 6d. to £2 15s. Particulars from Hon. Sec., 43 West Park, London, S.E.9. (ELT. 1761.)

NEWNHAM College, Cambridge. Vacation Course on "The Teaching of Physics in Grammar Schools for Girls." July 28-August 8, 1952. Lectures and practical work in Cavendish Laboratory. Accommodation available at Newnham College. No fees charged for Course, expenses of which will be met from the Ida Freund Memorial Fund. Details of Course and cost of residence from Mrs. Horton, Newnham College, Cambridge.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

WEEK-end School organised by Central London Fabian Society at Pasture Wood, nr. Dorking, November 16/18. Harold Wilson, M.P., E. Greebenik (Reader in Demography, L.S.E.) and Paul Yates (of the Colonial Development Corpn.) will speak on "Food, Resources and Population." Applics. to Miss B. McSweeney, 50 George St., W.1.

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